BENEVOLENCE.: A CHILD'S SACRIFICE. FROM A FEMALE MISSIONARY.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Nov 25, 1842; 16, 29; American Periodicals
pg. 115

BENEVOLENCE.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE.

FROM A FEMALE MISSIONARY.

In Dr. Leifchild's interesting speech at Exeter Hall, in February last, he proposed a plan, which I could not but approve and admire. It was, to form an Auxiliary Society, in which the names of children, as soon as they could understand, were to be enrolled, and to continue until they arrived at their majority. He said, "I believe there are thousands of little ones, throughout the country, of both sexes, who would be glad to be enrolled for some amount." Now I could not help thinking, at the time I read it, that in this respect the poor deluded idolaters here, afford a striking example, worthy of the imitation of Christians. I scarcely ever remember meeting a procession for idolatrous worship, that there was not a number of *children bearing some part in it.* On one occasion I met a man and woman, with three children, on their way to Amoor's Temple. I asked them where they were going. They said, "To make pooja," or worship. I asked "Why?" They said, "One child had been sick; they did make vow, and were going to pray." I said, "Why, for such a *little* child?" They smiled, and said, "Why not?"

The man carried in one hand a fowl, for sacrifice; and with the other led a little boy, about six years old, who had in his hand three sweet potatoes. On his shoulder the man carried a little girl, about three years old, who had in her hand a cocoa nut. The woman carried a brass plate, with a little rice, some saffron, a little sugar, and some flowers. She had an infant about twelve months old; and O, ye Christian mothers, think with compassion on this little one, who also had its sacrifice for the devil. *In its little hand it carried a plantain. I asked, "What is this for?" They replied, "It is for sacrifice!"* They looked satisfied with themselves. They thought by doing this, they should so far secure the favor of the demon, that no evil should befall them. Oh, how I longed to lead them to Him who is the friend, and not the foe of our little ones; who, though the mighty God, has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christian mothers, will you not teach your little ones to do something for the cause of Him who has died for them? If it is worth no more than a plantain, you may teach them, as did this heathen mother,—"*It is for sacrifice.*" Endeavor to sow in their young warm hearts the seeds of benevolence, and teach them, as one of their earliest lessons, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

And oh, my beloved children and young friends, will you allow me to appeal to your benevolent feelings on behalf of these poor, neglected, and destitute little girls and boys, whose souls, you know, are worth more than a world! Perhaps

you will say, "Well, but I cannot save their souls." No more can I; but we can direct them to Him who can, and will, if they seek him. Many of these poor children have been rescued from scenes of the greatest misery and distress. Great are the cruelties and sufferings that some of them have endured. Many were brought to us during the famine, almost dead; it was some time before they recovered, but now most of them are tolerably well. We have a large school-room for them, in which they are taught, and sleep, for in this country they do not require beds, as they do in England, but they sleep upon a little mat. They take their meals in the verandah, without knives or forks, which curry and rice do not require. They eat out of a little earthen catty, or dish; and if you could see some of their little merry faces, you would say they were quite as happy as many young ladies in a boarding-school in England.

[*London Miss. Magazine.*

Benevolence.: ORIGINAL. A NEW YEAR'S TALE.
M W D
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 12, 1854; 27, 38; American Periodicals
pg. 150

Benevolence.

ORIGINAL.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

It was a pleasant sunny room, that in which the children of the H. family were gathered; but the sunshine that poured in at the large south window was not so beautiful as that upon the faces of the happy group to whom we wish to introduce our readers. The room itself was one to live and be happy in. Beautiful plants in full bloom, heliotropes, geraniums, and others were drinking in the sunshine, and we might fancy smiling in gratitude for the light, such an air of cheerfulness did they throw around. There were some fine engravings upon the walls, one of "Christ the Consoler," representing Jesus with his hands extended surrounded by the sorrowful and oppressed, whom it was his glorious mission to bless. Another of "Christ blessing little children," and the words, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," printed beneath.—other pictures there were, each one of which pleased the eye by its beauty, and showed that a tasteful hand had placed it there. But it was not of the pictures or of the flowers that our young friends were talking so earnestly on that particular morning. These they might enjoy at other times, but now they were discussing a matter of great importance to them, which was what each one should choose for a *New Year's gift.* Bessie, Lizzie and Ellen (or little Nell as they sometimes called her) had been very busy for many weeks, making New Year's gifts for their parents, their two brothers who were away at boarding-school, and each other. On the morning of this day, at the breakfast table, their father had given them a five dollar gold piece to spend as they pleased in a present for themselves, as he said he could not tell what they would like, and preferred that this year, they should make their own selections. Was it strange that with such an important matter to decide the girls should be talking earnestly?

"I think I shall decide upon that beautiful work-box, like cousin Mary's," exclaimed Lizzie, after weighing in her mind the merits of sundry other things, that could be bought with five dollars. "I have always wanted one, and it is so much better to get something that you can use and enjoy, than some thing only meant to look at."

Now Lizzie was the oldest, having reached her sixteenth summer, and her opinion usually had great weight with her sisters; but, on the present occasion, her example was not followed.

"I have always wanted a gold pencil and pen," said Bessie, who was only a year younger than her sister. "I saw a beautiful one the other day, and I cannot think of anything else I like as well."

Nellie, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of twelve, had not yet spoken, and her sisters, now that their decision was made, turned to her, saying: "Now tell us, Nell, what shall you get?"

"Perhaps not any thing for myself," she replied, "for I do not think of any thing I want five dollars worth," yet, as she spoke, there was a quiet smile playing around her mouth which seemed to show that Ellen had some plan of her own, which she did not care to tell.

"Now do not be provoking, Nellie," said Lizzie, "you will not of course *keep* the money father has given you expressly for a New Year's gift. Do tell us what you mean to do with it?"

"Oh, if I tell one
Then they'll tell two;
And the first cup of tea
They'll drink it with you,

So I'll tell nobody, nobody, nobody," sang the laughing girl, and ran out of the room, leaving her sisters as much in the dark as before, as to her plans.

New Year's morning came; as bright a day as heart could wish for, and the same trio of sisters were in the same pleasant room where we first saw them. There were others there; the father and mother, with their children's gifts. Each had a beautiful pair of embroidered slippers, which Lizzie and Bessie had worked, and which their parents wore, in honor of the day; besides other gifts from Nellie and the boys, which were arranged upon a small table. The brothers too, Frank and George were at home, spending the holidays, and they had received with great delight the gifts which their parents and sisters had prepared for them. Lizzie's desk had arrived, and stood in the corner of the room on a small work-table. It was a very beautiful one of rose-wood, elegantly fitted with the necessary and convenient articles.

Bessie wore upon her chain the gold pencil for which she had longed, and her brothers said they should expect to receive a note from her every day, written with her gold pen, of which she was so fond.

But among this family group, there was not a face so full of happiness as little Nell's. Placing his hand affectionately on her head, and looking inquiringly into her bright face, the father said,

"What has my daughter bought for her own New Year's gift? We have seen what she has chosen for her parents and brothers and sisters, but not what she has chosen for herself.

Nellie's bright face was covered with a tell-tale blush, as she replied; "Please don't ask me, papa, how I have spent it." Then she added, after a moment's silence, "You would not disapprove of it, I know."

A slight shade of displeasure passed over her father's face, but the mother said,

"If Nellie has spent her money in a way that she prefers we should not know, and is sure we should approve, let us not ask her any more questions. I have confidence in her, and believe she would not deceive us."

A grateful and joyous smile was the mother's only answer from her child, and the subject was dismissed; but Lizzie and Bessie thought to themselves, "What a strange child our Nellie is!" and wondered what possible use she could have found for her money which she was not willing to tell them or her parents.

Let us now look in upon a far different scene, and one where sickness and poverty and suffering have been and are still endured. Every thing in this small room indicates that its occupants have only the necessities and none of the luxuries of life. Seated in an arm-chair is a young girl, apparently in a consumption. The bright hectic upon her cheek, and her frequent cough too plainly show that she has not long to live; but she has a beautiful smile, and her eye rests upon the picture which hangs near her. It is the same as we have formerly seen under far different circumstances, the picture of Christ the Consoler, and the young girl seems unwilling to take her eyes for a moment from the benevolent and pitying face of our Savior.

"Was it not kind in Miss Ellen to think of me, dear mother?" said the sick girl to one who was sewing busily, but whose anxious eye and ready ear were ever eager to anticipate her wants. "It seemed to me this morning, that she was an angel sent to make me happy, and, when she told me that she had bought this picture as a New Year's gift for me, and that she hoped Christ would be my consoler, the tears would come, and I hardly could speak to thank her."

The sick girl could not speak long, but, after a few moments silence, she said:—

"God has been very good to me, and the ladies have all been kind to send me so many comforts, and now that I have that beautiful picture to look at, I forget my pain and only think of my blessings."

This was the explanation of Ellen's secret. She had heard poor Mary Murray, who used to live in the family, say that she wished she could see that picture once more, and Ellen had resolved if possible to procure it for her. Mary had received many favors from Ellen's mother, but none that gave her more real happiness than this New Year's gift. With a fondness for everything beautiful, poor Mary had never been able to gratify this taste, and there was nothing in that plainly, and even coarsely furnished room that the poor sick child had been able to look upon with pleasure. How different it seemed to her now that her eye could always turn upon that beautiful picture! Ellen had conferred a pleasure which was of more value than anything she could have purchased for herself for ten times the sum.

Which of the three had made the best use of the five dollars, think you, my young readers, and which had laid up for herself the most pleasure for the New Year?

M. W. D.

Learning.: A REMINISCENCE.
Pilgrim, ALICELittle
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jul 24, 1856; 30, 14; American Periodicals
pg. 55

Learning.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY ALICE.

It was at a boarding school that I became acquainted with sweet Nellie Ashley, and, as the attachment which I soon formed for her was mutual, we were ere long very intimate friends. Nellie was not what would be called beautiful, and yet to those that knew her she was more than beautiful, for she was so kind and gentle to every one, that when speaking to her one would forget that her features were not regular, and that her figure was not queenly.

Part of every vacation we spent together; either Nellie staying with me, or I with her. At last, we left school, and after each of us had been at home a little while, Nellie wrote to me that she was going with her father (she had no mother) to the Springs, for her health, and asked me to accompany them. This I willingly did.

The Springs did Nellie no good; the excitement only wearied her, and, at last, her father yielded to her earnest entreaties to return home. But he soon became anxious about his darling, and began to talk of taking her to Europe.

At first, Nellie was opposed to the plan—it seemed that she could not submit to be separated from me; but at length she said she would go, if I would write to her very often. The time of leaving was not yet appointed, and as we were to be so long parted, I promised to remain with Nellie until she left.

One evening, as we were walking together in the garden, a servant came and said that "Mr. Ashley wished to speak with Miss Nellie a few minutes." Telling me that she would soon be back, she left me.

It seemed to me that she was gone a long time; but at last she returned, and her voice trembled as she told me that they were to leave in two days. "Oh, Alice," she said, "it will be so long before we meet again! I cannot bear the idea of parting."

The two days seemed to pass very rapidly, and the hour came that was to take her away from her home. I thought something *must* happen to prevent her going; but no, the carriage is at the door—the last "Good-bye" spoken, and now—she is gone.

Going up stairs, I found on my table a little package, with "For Alice, to remind of Nellie," written in her familiar hand on it. Opening it, I found a long curl of her golden hair, covered with "Forget-me-nots." This brought the tears afresh, and it was a long time before I could get ready to return to my home.

Many were the letters that passed between us, and at last Nellie wrote that she had quite recovered, and that she should return very soon.

Time passed on, and nothing more was heard from her, until one day I saw the notice of the wreck of a vessel. It was the one Nellie was to have returned in! A dizziness came over me as I read this, and for some time I was unconscious of every thing around me. When I recovered from this, I was very languid and sad. The doctor recommended change of scene—so, as soon as possible, I was taken to the Springs. There we stayed some time, and on our return stopped at a relative's in the bustling city of New York. A large party was given for us by one of our friends, who thought thus to give me great pleasure.—But reluctantly I consented to go, and sought out almost immediately a part of the room where I could see and not be seen.

Presently the piano was opened, and some one commenced playing and singing a song that Nellie and I had often sung together. Rising I went towards the piano, when who should meet my gaze but Nellie Ashley! She rose, and sprang to my side, but at first I was so astonished that I conld not utter a word. However, speech soon came back to me, and explanation followed explanation.

Protected by the kind hand of our Father in Heaven, she had been prevented by something which *seemed* an accident, from sailing in the ill-fated ship—and she was safe—our dear Nellie!

New Haven, Conn. [*Little Pilgrim.*

Learning.: A SAGACIOUS TEACHER.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Apr 19, 1855; 28, 52; American Periodicals
pg. 207

Learning.

A SAGACIOUS TEACHER.

The Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune publishes the following in an extract from a letter written to her family by a young Miss who is attending a boarding-school in the interior.

"I must tell you about an affair of Emma H.'s that happened last Saturday. A young man who had been paying some attention to her, had agreed to come and pass off as her cousin, and take her out carriage-riding, under pretence that he was taking her to his father's, a few miles in the country; but his father does not live within a hundred miles of this.

"Well, he came according to appointment, introduced himself as Emma's cousin, and asked to take her home with him to spend the afternoon. Miss W. said she had not the slightest objection, asked how far it was, and in what direction, and told Emma to get ready to go. But when Emma was ready to start, Miss W. also came down ready dressed, and said that, as their carriage was large enough for three, she would go along with them part of the way, and stop at a friend's who lived a short distance from the uncle that Emma was going to see, and they might stop for her as they came back in the evening. Of course they could do no better than tell her they would be glad to have her go with them, although they would have a dull time with her along; but they thought they could make up for it by having a nice social ride after Miss W. stopped at the friend's.

"So off they started in fine spirits, and when they had gone three or four miles they began to expect that every house they came to, would be the one that Miss W. would stop at; but she did'nt stop at any. Finally, when they had gone some five or six miles, Miss W. said they must have passed the house by some mistake, for they had certainly travelled twice as far as it was from town; but since they had passed it, she would not trouble them to [illegible]n back with her, but would go on with Emma to her uncle's, and stop just a minute at her friend's as they came back. There was what you might call 'a fix,' and Emma and her beau could do nothing but drive on. So on they drove, and on they drove; but driving on did not drive away their troubles. At last, when they had gone eight or ten miles, he said that the road must have been changed in some way, for he had undoubtedly gone astray, and, as they had gone so far and it was drawing late, they would not have time to find the right way.

"So they came back to town, and when Miss W. got out of the carriage, she told Em.'s beau that when he ascertained how the road had been changed, she would be very happy to go along with Emma any Saturday to spend an afternoon at her uncle's. Since then we have seen nothing of Em.'s cousin; but it will be a long time before she hears the last of her visit to her uncle's."

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. A SCHOOL GIRL'S REMINISCENCES.
Ella
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jun 1, 1848; 22, 5; American Periodicals
pg. 18

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S REMINISCENCES.

Were you ever at boarding school, gentle reader? If not, you can scarcely sympathize with the trials and pleasures too, of those of whom I am about to speak. Somewhere in New England, several years ago, there was a boarding school kept by a maiden lady who belonged to the Society of Friends, but as what I am to tell you is in nearly all particulars, as far as memory serves me, strictly true, you will excuse me if I withhold the real names of the individuals concerned, or even that of the place where the following events occurred. The house was an old fashioned, and in some respects a very inconvenient tenement, being almost devoid of closets of every description, but well furnished with apertures, and widely gaping cracks, which admitted the bleak winter winds as well as the summer heat in a manner not tending to increase our *comfort*, whatever other advantage such a system of ventilation might have possessed. The house had once served for soldier's quarters during the revolutionary war, but so many years had elapsed since that period, that no trace of such inhabitants could we ever find, although we had no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition from any appearances of a more recent date in the mansion itself.

At the time I entered the school, there were five apartments on the first floor, viz:—a dining room and sitting room, a kitchen, bedroom and pantry. On the next floor were six chambers, and above all was the attic of which I shall have occasion to speak more particularly, as the younger part of the school spent here a great proportion of their time not devoted to study. There were about thirty [illegible] boarders in the family, with the exception of a few day scholars. The sleeping apartments were [illegible]ber of young ladies, but individuals were most miraculously stowed away, some in bedsteads, and others in trundle beds, the occupants of one room, (and none of the chambers were very large,) seldom exceeding ten. At length all human ingenuity having been exhausted in the way of stretching the house internally, a long and very narrow room was added upon the ground floor which received the appellation of "the lower bed room." Here, during the quarterly meetings held among the Quakers, twelve unhappy damsels were crowded together, much like cabin passengers in a steamer.

Well do I remember one night when this was our sorry lot. The weather being extremely hot, all the windows which were only about three feet from the ground, had been opened, and the tribe of insects, so well known for their peculiarly fine treble voices, which start the unwary sleeper from pleasant dreams to anything but a delightful reality, had flocked in, to have a rare feast for cannibals. Towards morning I grew perfectly desperate under the repeated attacks of the well armed foe, and springing from my bed, I caught up my shoe, and proceeded to offensive movements upon the enemy. My example was followed by some of my companions, and soon we had battered to death in close combat, great numbers of the cruel invaders. As the walls were of white plastering, this operation did not serve to beautify them, but that was a matter of little concern to us, provided we had a temporary relief from the musquitoes.

We liked the quarterly meetings in winter very much. During that season but few pupils remained at the school, and not being put to much inconvenience by the visitors, we enjoyed the variety which their society gave us.

Upon one of these occasions, (it was a cold snowy day,) two or three of the male friends had invited some of the young ladies to ride. Two sleighs had already started with their freight, and the third, driven by one Benjamin, (we were seldom enlightened as to the surnames of the brethren,) was ready for some of the scholars to take their seats.

It happened that a hollow in one part of the field, which was planted with corn in summer, was so filled with water during the rainy season, that quite a pond was formed, which had now frozen over, leaving the remnants of corn stalks protruding above the surface. Now Benjamin's Bucephalus possessed by no means the meek and quiet spirit which characterized his master, and so instead of patiently standing while the young ladies were stepping into the sleigh, he took a very rapid promenade about the field, and landed his hapless master among the cornstalks aforesaid.

Benjamin arose, and cast a mournful gaze around, but after recovering his hat and whip, and turning the sleigh right side up, he once more presented himself before the frightened maidens, who had scrambled over a stone wall to escape from the fearful quadruped. I was one of the younger fry, and had not entertained a hope of a sleigh ride, but none of my elders had the courage to run the risk of an adventure like the one we had just witnessed, and so I joyfully took my seat by Benjamin's side. The ride was a very cold one, and my fingers unprotected by a muff, were almost frozen by the nipping air, but then it was a grand thing to have a sleigh ride, you know, and I was satisfied.

But I must tell you, as I promised, something about the attic. It was a large room, extending over the whole of the house, as it was originally built, and as it was undivided into apartments, it formed quite an extensive playroom for the children. Here, in the front part, were arranged all the playthings which we had brought from home; such an array of tea and dinner sets, parlor, chamber and kitchen furniture, on a miniature scale, was seldom collected together, except in a toy shop. Here were enacted all the domestic arrangements of a family, together with marvellous additions of our own invention, which tended to give that variety, which is said to be the "spice of life."

We had forsaken the baby house one afternoon, for the less complicated game of "hide and seek." The old attic furnished excellent nooks for concealing "leetle individuals," as I have heard a certain learned professor say, and these were quickly filled. One part of the room was much higher than the rest, and a large step, resembling an out door terrace, led down from the lower to the upper part. Just by the chimney, this step shelved over and left quite a large dark space underneath. We thought this the very gem of hiding places, and resolved to make use of it. I went in first, and though somewhat surprised to find that I could look into the room below, there being spaces left between the chimney and the timbers, large enough for a child's head to go through, still no sense of danger deterred us from taking possession. One little girl stepped in after me, and a third was following our example, when suddenly a creaking sound and a tilting of the boards sent a fearful shuddering through our frames. Escape was hopeless; firmly wedged in to make room for those who were to come after us, we had not time to get out before we were precipitated into the next story, with a violence which was in no degree lessened by the various medley which accompanied us; pans, jugs and flower-pots, an iron clock weight, and I know not what else, came tumbling upon us, little victims that we were. My little companion, having lighted upon me in her descent, rolled away like an India rubber ball, without receiving any injury, except a few scratches, but not so happy was I. The flower-pot broke on the back of my head, producing a bump which might have scared even a phrenologist, and when I recovered my senses I found a very severe cut in my arm. I was placed under the skilful and [illegible] hands of the elder lady of the establishment, and truly she administered remedies which were fully as painful as the wounds. For one half hour, my aching head was vigorously plied with a stiff brush, and at the end of that time the swelling was verily reduced. I believe even a bone might have given way under such strokes. Camphor was applied to the bleeding wound in the arm, and any sensation, after the first shock produced by the smart, might have been called a pleasant one. The old lady then called the children together, and gave a solemn lecture upon the sin of hiding in such dangerous places, and said the only wonder was that we had'nt all fallen into the chimney, as there was an open space in it there, just big enough to hold us, and if we had gone in, there would have been little chance of our coming out alive. Whether this last information was strictly true, I know not, but at any rate, we were sufficiently frightened to have believed anything she might have told us about it, and we never hid there again.

I have said but little of my schoolmates, but memory retains with wonderful distinctness, nearly all. Their ages were various; indeed, all the way from four to twenty-five. Some, I shall always remember with pleasure; a few, I still dearly love. Great changes have passed over many of them; and no doubt the history of each would be interesting if we could obtain it. A large proportion of them are married and settled in different parts of the Union. We shall never all meet again on earth: yet once again we shall meet when the earth and the heavens have fled away. It is a solemn thought. We know not what may have been the influence which each one exerted upon the rest, and perhaps a lasting impress for good or evil has been at that school made upon some of us. The past we cannot recall; be it our aim in the future, to place all the influence God has given us, upon the right side.

ELLA.

AN UNFORTUNATE LAD.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Aug 12, 1858; 32, 32; American Periodicals
pg. 128

AN UNFORTUNATE LAD.

There lived in the town where I attended boarding-school, a rich old farmer, who, among his other possessions, owned a fine orchard of choice fruit. It certainly did look tempting from the road, with its rosy cheeked apples, its luscious pears, peaches, and plums, and my school companions often cast longing glances at this paradise of forbidden fruit.

School-boys are not apt to have a very strict moral code. 'Hooking' is, in their eyes, a very trifling matter, and altogether different from stealing. So it chanced that some of my companions formed a design of paying a visit one dark night, to Farmer Henshaw's orchard, and laying in a supply of the delicious fruit for home consumption.

I wish it distinctly to be understood that I was not of this number; not that I was not fond of fruit, but as I got more of it than my companions, possibly the temptation was not so strong in my case.

I chanced to have an aunt living at two miles distant from the school, and at her hospitable mansion I was wont to pass Saturdays, returning in the evening. As she too had plenty of fruit, I always fared well whenever I visited her.

One Saturday evening, after my weekly visit, I prepared to return to the school. Just as I was starting, my aunt gave me—an unlucky gift it proved—a couple of peaches and the same number of pears. They were large, and looked so tempting, that it was not in my heart to decline them, though it would have been better if I had.

My way home lay by Farmer Henshaw's orchard. As I was walking leisurely by, I heard a noise as of boys running, and saw, a moment afterwards, two or three boys jumping over the fence, and making off in very perceptible haste. Close upon their heels was Farmer Henshaw himself. It flashed upon my mind at once that they had been surprised in the act of purloining fruit.

Such is the force of example, that I, too, without knowing why, was forthwith seized with an impulse to run also. At the time I started the farmer was scarcely two rods behind. He speedily caught up with me, and grasping my collar, shook me in a very uncomfortable manner, exclaiming—

'So I've caught you, my young thief, have I?'

'I am not a thief,' said I, stoutly. 'What have I stolen?'

'What have you stolen? That's rather a cool question. Do you deny that you have been at my trees to-night?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Then how came you here, I should like to know?'

'I was walking home from my aunt's, where I have been to spend the day.'

'A likely story! Jim, bring the lantern.'

Jim, an overgrown farm boy, brought the lantern, and the farmer at once observed my protuberant pockets.

'Ha!' said he, 'I rather think we're on the road to a discovery. Empty your pockets.'

This I was forced reluctantly to do. Out came the peaches and pears.

'Now, young man,' said the farmer, triumphantly, 'will you be kind enough to inform me where these came from?'

'From my aunt's,' said I, confused at the unlucky discovery.

'Ho, ho!' laughed he. 'You're a cunning young rogue, ain't you?' and the hateful farm boy joined in the laugh. 'Your aunt is a very fine woman, I should say.'

'Yes, she is.'

'Ho, ho! how well you carry it out. But the fact is, my young friend, your story won't go down. Take off your jacket.'

'What for?' asked I, trembling.

'Never mind. Do as I tell you.'

Without entering into particulars, it is sufficient to say that I got a sound flogging, and all for nothing. It was ascertained afterwards that I was not to blame, and the farmer apologized, after a fashion, but as for the flogging, that couldn't be taken back. I think I feel it yet.

CARELESS WORDS.

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Dec 3, 1857; 31, 49; American Periodicals
pg. 194

CARELESS WORDS.

'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?'

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed Nellie Martin, as she came in from school, and threw her books down on the table, 'I do think a boarding-school is the worst place in the world.'

'Why,' replied Mabel Lee, her room-mate, 'I thought you liked it ever so much; you said you did, yesterday.'

'Well, I thought so then, but I don't now, for the girls are all the time making unkind remarks about me; and I mean to sit down now and write to mother, and ask her if I may come home.'

A slight smile spread over Mabel's countenance, as she rejoined:—

'I suppose *you* never say anything against the other girls, do you?'

'No, indeed, not as they do, I am sure. Why, if I said one half as many things about Gertrude Leland as she does about me, I should be ashamed to show my face anywhere.'

'Well, Nellie, suppose you and I each take a piece of paper and write down every slanderous expression that we hear each other use this evening, and at nine o'clock compare our papers.'

'Well I am willing, but I don't believe we shall have any thing to write; at any rate, I guess *your* paper will be blank.—If you would only try it with the girls in the next room, there would be some fun in it.'

'Take care, Nellie, or I shall have to commence immediately.'

The evening wore away, and nine o'clock arrived. As soon as the first stroke of the bell was heard, Nellie pushed aside her books, saying, 'Now, Mabel, let me hear what you have to say; *you* must read first, because you have the longest list.—I rather think you have not studied much to-night; it seems to me your pencil has done nothing but write, write, all the evening.'

'And it strikes me that your tongue has done nothing but run, run, all this evening. But I must begin, or we shall not be in bed in season. I have—let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten breaches of the ninth commandment against you on my paper.'

'Not so many, I know; let me hear.'

'In the first place, when you opened your books to commence studying, you

thought Miss Lane was the crossest teacher that ever lived, she gave such long and hard lessons.'

'Oh, yes, I remember that is the strongest expression I have used, is it not?;

'We will see. Then, you asked me if I intended to keep my two silent hours this evening; I told you no, not until to-morrow morning; upon that, you called Mrs. —— an unfeeling creature, for requiring us to keep them at all.

'Soon after that, the fire needed some attention. You went to the wood-box for some wood, and accidentally tore your dress on a nail which was sticking in the side of it. You declared that the next time you had a box sent you from home, you hop' d your brother John would have nothing to do with nailing it up; the 'little scamp,' I think was the epithet you used, You sat down to mend your dress, but conld not find your thimble; I reminded you that you lent it to Fannie, yesterday, and you replied that you wished she had been at the bottom of the Red Sea, before she came in here borrowing your things. I could not help smiling, then; for I remembered that you borrowed her's a week ago; and lost it; and she was obliged to use your's instead.

'About eight o'clock, Sarah came in to ask yon where the History lesson commenced; you told her; but no sooner had she left the room, than you exclaimed, —'I hope I shall never be accused of following her dxample; she had better keep her ears open when the lesson was given out. I believe she always hears with her elbows.'

'Our lamp went out, a few minutes ago. You called the lady with whom we board, a 'stingy old woman' that could not afford to supply us with decent lamp-oil.'

'Oh, Mabel, did I really say that? I don't remember it; why, how wicked it was. It was entirely my fault that the lamp did not burn well; for when I had sealed my letter, I played with my sealing-wax until I had neaily covered the wick with it. Well please don't read any more to me, for I am heartily ashamed of myself. In future, I will try to keep a strict watch over my tongue; and over my thoughts, too, for I suppose I should never *say* such things if I did not *think* them first.'

As Mabel lay in bed that night, think-over the events of the day, this verse came into her mind: 'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise.'

DESCRIPTIVE.
Greene, J S
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Aug 3, 1838; 12, 12; American Periodicals
pg. 0_2

DESCRIPTIVE.

LETTERS FROM SANDWICH ISLANDS.—No. 7.

Wailuku, Maui, November 11, 1837.

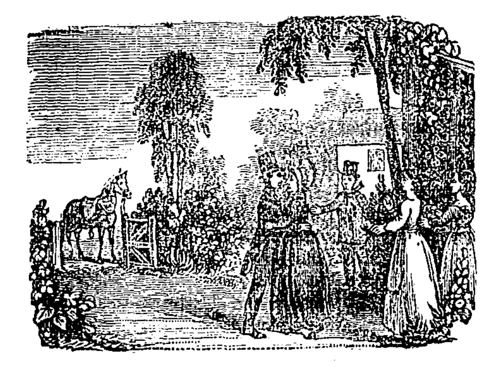
To the Readers of the Youth's Companion.

My Dear Friends,—In my last letter I told you of the ungoverned state of children at these islands. This, of course, has an unfavorable influence on their character. It hardens the heart. Children who do not listen to the voice of their earthly parents are apt to become obdurate; and unless God snatches them, in infinite mercy, as brands from the burning, they grow up impenitent; live and die hardened sinners, and have their portion with the wicked in the world of woe. Such being the state of things at these islands, we have began of late, to think of the boarding school system. Our friends and patrons also have strongly urged this, and we have now the happiness of being able to say that *three* boarding schools are in successful operation; two for male, and one for female children. You will be glad to hear that we have no difficulty in obtaining children. Many more little boys and girls wish to enter the school than we can accommodate. And what may surprise you, after all that I have said of the want of parental government at these islands, I assure you that the children of these schools are contented and happy; and we find less difficulty in governing them than any children whom I have ever seen. The school for little girls is under my care. We have about forty of them, from the age of four years up to about ten. We are greatly encouraged to persevere in our labors in the schools. We cannot but hope and believe that God will bless them; that many of these children will become intelligent, truly wise, pious and happy; will become useful on earth, and shine as stars forever in heaven. That they may become thus, you will not cease to pray.

You would like to know what we find for the little girls to do during recess from study. This at present is one of the greatest difficulties which we have to contend with. There are so few things little girls can do at these islands, that we are perplexed to know what to do with them. We give them all the sewing we can procure, and I am in expectation of obtaining work of this kind for them. They already sew very prettily. They are now learning to braid bonnets, and we shall be likely to employ them in this business to a considerable extent. When they become a little larger, if spared, we hope to have them learn to spin and knit. At present, they will be strictly confined to school, and will not need so much secular business as they may at some future day. We shall aim steadily to make them industrious, and cleanly, as well as intelligent. May our efforts be succeeded. Especially do we desire to see these little daughters of degraded Hawaii washed in atoning blood, and sitting at the Saviour's feet. Your affectionate friend.

J. S. Greene.

HAWTHORNE COTTAGE.
M W D
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Mar 8, 1849; 22, 45; American Periodicals
pg. 177



ORIGINAL.

HAWTHORNE COTTAGE.

Like a gem in a beautiful sitting, like a bird on her nest, almost concealed by the thick curtain of green, so did Hawthorne Cottage appear to me, as after a weary day's ride in the stage-coach, we suddenly emerged from a thick wood, through which we had been riding for some minutes, and stopped before the lovely spot bearing the above name. On one side of the cottage, stood a magnificent elm, whose drooping branches bent over the lowly roof, shading it completely from the rays of the sun. On the other side, a group of fir trees formed a delightful and ever green retreat, where a rustic bower had been built for the inmates of the cottage, and where I imagined at once, my friend Ellen had passed many a Summer's afternoon. A grass plat laid out with great taste, and having in its centre, some beautiful rose-bushes in full bloom, whose fragrance filled the air, occupied the space in front of the cottage; and completed the charming picture.

School girls' friendships are proverbially short-lived, but, had you seen the delight with which sweet Ellen May welcomed me to her home, and the joy expressed in her lovely face, you would perhaps have thought, that there were some exceptions to the rule. Our acquaintance had been formed some years previously, at a boarding school, and we had maintained a correspondence ever since, each regarding the other as her nearest and dearest friend. Old people prophesied that absence would soon rob our friendship, but they were quite mistaken, for time increased instead of diminishing it; and a few weeks before, I received an urgent request to visit my friend, in her retired country home, which invitation I gladly accepted, and thus it happened that I found myself, after a journey of many miles, sitting with Ellen in "Hawthorn cottage."

"I am so glad you have come, Lizzie," was Ellen's exclamation, as we sat together, hand in hand, in her pleasant chamber. "We have been quite sad here, for the last few months, and you will cheer us, I am sure, if anything can."

A tear dimmed Ellen's blue eye, and her joyous expression gave place to one of sadness, as she continued,

"I have often spoken to you, Lizzie, of brother James. He is, you know, the captain of a vessel, and, for some time we have been very anxious to hear from him, as the "Rover," was expected in three months ago, and nothing has been heard from her for many months. Three weeks since, an account of a shipwreck, off the coast of South America, reached us, and we have every reason to think that it was his vessel, and we fear"—

Here Ellen's sobs told me, too plainly, what it was they feared; and I could only in silence sympathize with her sorrow, as it was too deep for *words* to assuage. In this case, resignation and submission were indeed hard to practice.

Captain May was an only son, and since his father's death, had been to his mother, all that a son could be, and, to his sisters, a most devoted brother. He had bought for them the lovely cottage, where they lived, and when he was at home, devoted all his time to his mother and sisters. Nothing could exceed his devotion to their happiness; and this devotion was repaid by an equal affection on their part. Such was the son, such the brother, whom they had lost. And I felt it would be in vain, to offer consolation in so deep a heart's sorrow as this. Words of comfort would seem like cruel mockery at such a time. Love and sympathy are the only remedies for a wounded heart.

A month had passed, and I was still a resident at Hawthorne cottage. The days and weeks had passed so rapidly, that my visit was nearly at an end, before it seemed to have commenced, and my friend Ellen, as well as her mother, protested that I should not leave them. The deep sadness of which Ellen had spoken to me, became still deeper, as time wore away, and no trace was found of the absent. At such a time, Ellen was particularly anxious to have a friend with her, who could help her to cheer her mother, and to sustain herself under so heavy a trial.

Accordingly it was agreed that I should spend another month with the dear inmates of the cottage.

It was at the close of a sultry day in August. Bessie May had just returned from a long walk in the woods, with her hands full of wild flowers, and Ellen, with her usual taste, was arranging them in a vase, around the foot of which she placed some beautiful moss which we had gathered in the "Glen."

Mrs. May had lain aside her work, and was sitting by the open window, watching the clouds, tinged most gorgeously by the setting sun. Beautiful she looked to me then; her fine features softened by sorrow, and an expression of grief, but of a subdued and chastened grief, making them still more lovely than in the days of her happiness.

"Do you remember, my dear daughter," said she, turning to Ellen, who had taken a seat beside her mother, "the last evening that James spent with us. It was very much such a day as this, and from this window he watched with me the beautiful sunset. 'Think of me at twilight, dear mother,' he said, 'for, at that hour, my thoughts will always be with you.'"

"Perhaps he is thinking of us now, mother," replied Ellen, "if not in this world, his spirit may still love to visit these scenes, and those he loved so well;" and the gentle girl drew still nearer to her mother, and gazed into her face with the deepest affection, as she continued, "Let us not give up all hope that he still lives, and that God has sent this trial upon us to prove our faith in his goodness."

The mother did not reply to these words of comfort, but I saw, from her silence, that she had no longer any hope of seeing her son again in this world.

Suddenly, as we sat, each absorbed in her own sad thoughts, the sound of a horse's hoofs broke in upon the stillness. Nearer and nearer the noise approached, and at length we saw, through the trees, a single horseman riding rapidly towards the house. In a moment more he stopped before the gate, and leaping from his saddle, ran toward the house.

"'Tis my son—'tis James," was all I heard, and the next instant, the mother had pressed the son close to her heart.

"Bessie, my darling sister! my dearest Ellen," was all that their brother could say, as he kissed them again and again. Their joy was too great for utterance. They could only gaze upon those beloved features, and lift their hearts to Heaven in silent gratitude.

Many a princely mansion could boast greater splendor than their lowly dwelling, but nowhere would you have found greater happiness or more thankful hearts than existed that night in Hawthorne Cottage. M. W. D.

Narrative.: HISTORY OF A HEATHEN BOY.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 7, 1846; 19, 35; American Periodicals
pg. 138

Narrative.

HISTORY OF A HEATHEN BOY.

[Mrs. Hoisington, American Missionary at Batticotta, in Ceylon, in a Letter to her son, who is now residing in Williamstown, Ms. gives the following interesting Narrative, which she permits us to copy in the Youth's Companion.]

I have been intending, for several months past, to give you the history of a little Tamil boy, who is, I should think, nearly as old as yourself. You probably saw him before we went to America, but will not recollect him. The first time I saw him, he was sitting on the verandah of the school rooms at Oodooville, a poor little emaciated creature, and was told that he was found, sitting alone by the way-side, half starved. He was taken up by some one who pitied him, and who well knew where to direct his steps to find charity. He was brought to the missionary at Oodooville, and there the forlorn one found that tender care which his own kindred had denied him.

It was pleasant to see the kind hearted girls of the boarding school, feeding the little starveling, with their own *congy* (gruel) and rice. A few months of such nursing, transformed him into a playful, happy child. No doubt remained that he was cast off by those who wished to rid themselves of the burden of taking care of him. Mr. Spaulding named him *Illan*, which means a *destitute one*. As he grew older, he manifested strong attachment to Mr. and Mrs. S.

When they were going to another station to spend the day, though several miles distant, the little fellow would follow them, running close behind the bandy, and when they looked back, he would meet their looks with a smile. This he did from choice. If you should see Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding in America, and will ask them, they will tell you more about him than I can.

After we returned here from America, among the many native acquaintances who called to see us, we noticed a rather dirty boy, with a bit of ragged cloth around him, about as large as a pocket handkerchief. Though he had a begger's appearance, unlike others of that description he asked for nothing, and always smiled when I spoke to him. Noticing him about the yard daily, I made inquiry and learned that it was the same boy who was formerly at O. I asked him what he wanted, and he quite timidly replied, "a cloth." I then asked him why he had left Oodooville. "Did they send you away because you was a naughty boy?" "No," he replied, "I have not been a bad boy—I came here to eat the rice which these boys leave." I saw at once that it was more proper, now that he had become such a large boy, that he should be receiving his food from the Seminary lads, than from the girls in the O. Seminary.

"But," said I, "you are old enough to earn your own living now, it is not good that you should be living here, *only to eat*." "What can I do?" was his reply, "if you will give me some work, I will do it." I asked if he could read, he said, "No." "Then why do you not go to school and learn." He replied, "Where can I go? who will teach me?"

Thinking that he probably had but little inclination to learn, I told him that I would call the teacher of a school near us, and if he could take him into his school, he must go and try to learn, and that when I saw that he was punctual in his attendance, he should have a new cloth.

I called the teacher, and had no difficulty in making him interested in the boy's case. He consented to teach him, and as he went away, I said to him, "Let us see if we cannot train up this poor boy to be a useful man among his countrymen." The next morning, *Illan* took his place among the scholars, and commenced the alphabet, by writing each letter in the sand, on the floor of the bungalow with his finger. In this way Tamil children learn to read and write at the same time. But he was so naked that I could not wait till he had proved his diligence as a scholar, so seeing that he had actually commenced learning, I gave him a new cloth before he went to school in the afternoon. It was very pleasant to see him run off, so happy in his new dress. He received *rice*, *plantains*, &c. from our table, and the Seminarists always left some of their portion for him, and so he had plenty to eat. At night, when he got tired and sleepy, he would come and lie down in our verandah, on the hard brick, or mortar floor, and sleep more sweetly than many little boys in America do, in their nice chambers, and downy beds. The hungry *dogs*, that roam at night in quest of food, might run across the verandah, and the *snakes* too, but he slept on without fear! Soon, I gave him a mat to sleep on, and that he might have a clean *dress* every week, I added to his treasures another cloth. What a rich boy! *Two cloths*, of a *yard and a half each*, and a *mat*! A pillow he did not need, when he wanted to raise his head, he could put his soft arm under it. That he might feel that he was making some return, for the favors shown him, I made him keeper of your little sister's rabbits. He was to let them out in the morning, and to watch them while they cropped the grass in the yard, till school time, and to do the same at evening, and then catch, and shut them up. This work he performed quite to our satisfaction, and his *own* too, I think, for he appeared very happy while performing the duties of his office! He still found plenty of time to play. His teacher seemed pleased with his proficiency while at school. In a few weeks he came smiling and hanging his head over one shoulder, as though he had some favor to ask. I inquired "what now, Illan?" "Some *paper* to cover my new book," he replied, "I have learned the alphabet, and now my teacher says I may begin to read." I gave him a paper, and a *pice* to buy some prepared *ollas*, strips of the palmyra leaf—to make a satchel to carry his books in. This he braided, while sitting on the steps of the verandah watching the rabbits. When completed, he came for a cord, by which to suspend it over his shoulder. He next braided a small mat, half a yard square, to sit upon while at school. He seemed much changed in his looks. The sad, imploring expression he had, when he first presented himself before us, gave place to an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction.

After a while we missed him from his sleeping place at night, but thinking he had taken a fancy to sleep on the Seminary verandah, we made no inquiries, yet we soon learned that he was sleeping in the *church*! Now you must recollect that our church differs widely from the beautifully finished, and furnished churches of America. Here are no pews, or slips, no carpets—merely the great empty building, open from the floor to the ridge, and two rows of pillars which support the roof running through it, and a pulpit built up near one end. Thus naked it appears, except when prepared for the Sabbath. Then mats are spread over the floor, for the congregation to sit upon. The owls and the bats congregate there, and find ample accommodations among the projections, and roughnesses of the walls and timbers. One evening when almost dark, William Ward saw Illan carrying his mat into the church,

and asked why he carried it there. He replied, "I sleep here." William could hardly give him credit for so much courage, but determined to watch him. So the next morning he rose early and went into the church, and not seeing him at once he looked into the *pulpit*, and there lay the little *fearless fellow*, sleeping as quietly as though he had been in his mother's bed room! When William spoke he started up, but smiled when he saw who it was. William asked, "Why do you sleep here?" "Because I like to." "But are you not afraid to sleep here alone?" "*Afraid! Why?*" "Do you not believe in the stories your people tell about *pays?*" (evil spirits,) said William. "No, I do not believe them. Mr. Spaulding told me not to fear them, that they were *a lie*—therefore *I am not afraid!*" He next removed his lodgings to a palmyra grove near by, where he slept on the ground under the trees. As it was the fruit season, the owners were keeping watch there at night. Whenever I enquired of the teacher about him, he reported him "a clever boy in his class," meaning, that he was one of his best scholars.

I used frequently to call him in, and question him. He learned the whole of a small catechism, the commandments, and several hymns, and had learned to read well in the New Testament. About ten days ago, while we were absent from the station, a woman came and sought him out, and *claimed him as her son!* He looked astonished and incredulous, and when she asked him to go with her to a village where she formerly lived, he seemed unwilling to go. She, however, overcome his reluctance by the promise of a new cloth, and other little matters. When we returned at evening they had gone; but they both come in a day or two after. I asked the woman how long since she had seen her son, she said, "nearly eight years."

"How then do you know this is your son?" said I.

She replied, "I was told he was here." She then said when he was but an infant, she left him in her brother's family, near Manepy, and went to Trincomala to see her sister, who was sick, and that finding work, she had remained there ever since. "But what did you suppose had become of the little boy?" I asked. She said her brother sent her word that, by some means, the child had *escaped* from his hands, and that the Oodooville missionary was taking care of him! And that she heard from him several times through her brother. About five months since, hearing that her brother was dead, and not knowing what had become of her boy, she joined a company who were coming to Jaffna, from Trincomala. I inquired if she intended to take him back with her. She said, "just as you please." After talking with them both for some time, I asked Ilan whether he wished to go with his mother, or remain here, and be a good boy, and continue in school. He hung his head and looked first to his *mother*, then to *me*, but did not speak. I told him that if he wished to stay and was a *good boy*, he would never want friends to take care of him. That we had taken him up, when he was forsaken by *mother* and friends, because we loved his *soul*, and wished him to be instructed, to become a child of God, and to go to heaven when he died. And now if he wished to leave us and go with his mother, he need not hesitate to say so. After quite a struggle with his feelings, he whispered out, "*I wish to go.*" Poor child! though he had made such a foolish choice, I could not blame him! After living so long, unloved, uncared for by a single relative, his heart had been completely won by the affectionate tones, and a few kind attentions of his *mother*. I gave him his clean cloth, and told him to remember, that from his infancy until now, he had no friends but *God* and the *Missionaries*, and asked if he was now going away to forget what he had been taught, to become a heathen, and tell lies, steal, &c. as they do. With a sorrowful expresson but with much emphasis, he replied, "No, *no!*" After I left him, he remained on the verandah for some time. Quite a group had collected, and had heard the conversation. They all began telling him how foolish it was in him to go away—his mother, also, told him it would be better to stay. Soon his face brightened up, and coming to my door, he said, "I will go with my mother now, but will come again on Wednesday," that being the day she had set for leaving. But the time is past, and he has not made his appearance.

I presume his wish to go with his mother prevailed over his childish judgment; and little boys you know, love to see new places, besides he has an older brother in Trincomalee, whom he wishes to see. He will not be long in discovering the fact, that he has forsaken his best friends. His mother says she gains a livelihood by buying and selling in the bazaar. He will therefore be exposed to all manner of evils, and ruined, we fear. He may see his folly and return.

NARRATIVE.: INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE. No. I.
F
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Oct 10, 1832; 6, 21; American Periodicals
pg. 81

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

No. I.

Emeline Porter had been carefully educated by an excellent, but perhaps too indulgent mother, till she was fourteen; and then she was sent to a boarding school more than fifty miles from her father's house, where she was to finish her education. Many were the words of counsel and admonition which Mrs. Porter bestowed upon this only and half-worshipped daughter at parting; and many were the tears shed by her two young brothers, as they followed, with their almost blinded eyes, the carriage which was conveying her away.

Emeline received the gentle admonitions of her mother, as we fear admonitions are too often received, with a secret rising of the heart, a sort of proud feeling that she needed them not; that she should be quite able to resist temptation, and perfectly competent to judge correctly for herself upon every emergency. Indeed, self-confidence is the characteristic of youth, ignorance and inexperience; age, wisdom, and experience know the weakness of human nature, and its liability to err; therefore they are led humbly and believingly to ask for guidance from the Fountain of Wisdom, and it is granted them.

Emeline had many good qualities; she was affectionate, obliging, and for an indulged child, obedient; and her mother believed she had good principles; so indeed she had, if the principle, or rather the motive which looks to the approbation of the world as the most valuable reward for well-doing, can be called good; but she had never had fixed in her mind the pure, certain and unvarying standard which can only be learned from the Bible; and which is the only sure guide through the joys, as well as the difficulties & temptations of life.

When Emeline was first introduced to the members of the school, one young lady particularly attracted her attention; and in truth Lucy Williams' fine graceful figure, brilliant complexion and sparkling eyes were just calculated to strike her with admiration. Lucy was two years older than our heroine, and was the belle and beauty of the village, so that Emeline looked up to her almost as to a superior being. Lucy's ruling passion was the desire of admiration; this homage was therefore very pleasing to her, and she soon distinguished the one who offered it with a large share of favor. The intimacy thus begun, continued to increase, till no one, not even her mother, possessed such an influence over Emeline's mind, as did Lucy.—Had Lucy's influence been exerted for good, this would not have been so lamentable; but, alas! she was unprincipled, and it was exerted only for evil. *Unprincipled!* we trust this cannot be said of many girls of sixteen; but it could truly be said of Lucy. She was vain, idle, and deceitful, and often disobedient both to her parents and teacher; but she veiled those bad qualities under so specious an exterior, and so dexterously excused whatever she was conscious did not appear quite right in her conduct; and was withal so gay and animated, so full of life, spirit and fun, that she was generally a favorite among her young companions, and she often led them into scrapes, from which their ingenuity and hers combined, failed to extricate them.

"Come," said she to Emeline one day, two or three weeks after her arrival at the school, "let us go and take a walk in the garden." As this was not forbidden, Emeline cheerfully complied. Lucy, after looking carefully around her, led the way to a large bed of delicious strawberries.

"Do you love strawberries, Emeline," said she.

"Yes," answered Emeline, with a little hesitation, "but I don't think it quite right to pick these."

"Why, my dear," asked Lucy, quickly.

"I was told we were forbidden to gather them without express permission from our governess."

"What then, my dear. The permission, I dare say, would be given if we would take the trouble to go back and ask for it; so where's the harm of taking them without it? Mrs. Brown will not have the fewer strawberries, will she?"

"I suppose not," said Emeline, "but they are her strawberries you know, and if she forbids us to take them without leave, I think we ought not to."

"If it was going to hurt Mrs. Brown the least jot, Miss Porter," said Lucy, drawing herself up with an air of offended dignity, "I wouldn't touch one of her strawberries for a kingdom; but she has a great many more than she can use—then what possible harm can there be in our eating a few of them." And she gathered a handful and offered them to Emeline as she spoke. Emeline drew back.

"They won't hurt you," said Lucy, smiling, "though you shrink from them as if you thought them poison. Come take them and eat them, without that terrible scowl upon your face. One would think by your looks, I was offering you crab-apples instead of strawberries."

The tempter prevailed. From false shame Emeline dared not resist any longer, and she took and ate "the forbidden fruit."

Lucy gathered as much as she pleased, and then taking Emeline's arm she said, "If you please we will go and walk by the pretty brook that winds about the foot of yonder hill."

"But how are we to get out of the garden, Lucy?"

"Oh! I will manage that, my dear."

"You know it is against the rules, to go so far without permission."

"Those rules are only for the little girls, Emeline; Mrs. Brown don't expect the young ladies to regard them."

"But she told us she did, Lucy; and she said she hoped we should set the example of cheerful obedience to her orders."

"If the example is all she wants, we can easily manage so that neither she or the little girls shall know we have been out.' And she drew Emeline on.

They soon reached the garden fence, and after many fruitless attempts, at last contrived to scramble over it; rather a hazardous undertaking one would think for young ladies, but Lucy had read 'The Rights of Woman' and she was proud to show her friend that she could disregard both danger and propriety. Lucy went gaily on, but Emeline, whose conscience was not yet hardened by frequent acts of disobedience, trembled and turned pale at the rustling of a leaf.

"What a coward you are," said Lucy, seeing her looking anxiously at a figure which was moving forward in the path before them, "you are not afraid that poor servant girl with her water-pail, will be metamorphosed into a highwayman with sword and pistols, are you!"

"No," said Emeline, half laughing, "but if Mrs. Brown should hear—"

"No matter if she does, I shall easily find an excuse. Besides if she were to meet us herself this minute, what would she do, do you think? why give us a lecture, that's all."

"You speak as if that were a small matter. To me nothing is more terrible than receiving a lecture when I deserve it."

"Ay, if you *feel* that you deserve it; but you should take care to *feel* that you don't deserve it."

"But if I were really in the wrong, I should think it would be best to feel and acknowledge it too.—So at least my mother always taught me," she added, after a moment's pause, for she trembled before the scornful smile of this accomplished leader of rebellion, this able assertor of the rights of young ladies in their teens.

"And 'tis a very convenient doctrine for fathers and mothers, masters and mistresses I dare say, but not a very pleasant one for us, therefore I shall not subscribe to it. But, come, my dear, what are you loitering for, I'm going to get some of Jenny's cakes before I go back."

Emeline was indeed loitering, for she was sick at heart, and she felt that she would gladly give all she had in the world if she were but safely back in her own room. But she wanted the moral courage, to say so; and though she was despising salutary restraint, and setting at nought lawful authority, yet she dared not say to this headstrong, misguided girl, 'I will go no farther. I have already done wrong, very wrong in yielding to your persuasions and following your example, but that cannot be recalled; all that remains for me is to go and confess it, and receive the punishment I deserve.'

More than once these sentiments rose to her lips, but dread of the ridicule of her dangerous friend prevented her giving them utterance. Now was seen the utter worthlessness of that system which makes the world's opinion the guide, and its approbation, the reward of our conduct. Emeline went on, bought and ate some cakes, as Lucy did, and then returned with her home. They slunk round to a back door, hoping to reach their own room unobserved; but they met a servant in the passage, who said that Mrs. Brown had been inquiring for them, and desired her to send them to her, if she saw them. Emeline turned very pale, and was obliged to lean upon Lucy's arm, as they walked slowly to the parlor.

"Never fear," said Lucy in a low voice, as soon as she thought they were beyond the hearing of the servant, "never fear; if you'll only be silent, I'll bring you off."

Again Emeline's better principle urged her to say 'I don't want to be brought off. I only want to confess the truth.' And again her impotence of mind made her yield herself to the guidance of her friend.

"I am sorry to find, young ladies, that you have been absent without leave," said Mrs. Brown, with her most severe manner.

"We have only been in the garden, ma'am," answered Lucy.

"Only been in the garden, Lucy," said Mrs. Brown, fixing her keen eye upon her, "then why did not you come in when the bell rung."

"Emeline was taken suddenly ill, ma'am, and I could'nt leave her."

Mrs. Brown looked at Emeline, and her pale face seemed to confirm Lucy's story. "You should at least have called assistance, and not remained in the open air with her so long."

"She was very faint, ma'am," answered Lucy readily, "and I could not leave her an instant."

"Indeed I fear she is very ill; she grows faint again," said the kind Mrs. Brown, "assist her to her room."

Emeline did to be sure grow more pale, when she heard Lucy's replies, and they were both right

glad to get away. Yet shocked as Emeline was at the falsehood Lucy had invented, she ventured only a faint remonstrance.

"Oh, Lucy, how could you say I was ill."

"Why, my dear, you were so distressed; I said it to relieve you."

In a few minutes a message of inquiry came from Mrs. Brown. "Tell her," said Lucy to the messenger, "that Miss Porter is much better since she has lain down. It was standing so long made her faint, when she was in the parlor."

"There," said Lucy laughing, as soon as the servant had shut the door, "that answer will make her easy, and now we can talk over our affairs in peace."

"Oh! Lucy, how—"

"Come, now," interrupted Lucy, "don't take me to task as if I were a child in leading strings; I think you ought rather to admire my ingenuity."

Emeline turned away disgusted. She had thought Lucy beautiful. But every trace of beauty had fled, and she closed her eyes that she might shut out her image from her mind. Her only feelings were remorse for the past and agonizing fears for the future.

'Oh! that I were once more sheltered beneath my father's roof, safe from the influence of this bad girl,' was her earnest wish.

But remorse proved a transient emotion with Emeline. The next day Lucy proved more attentive and affectionate than usual; she talked and walked only with Emeline, and it was Emeline alone she flattered. Lucy was the idol and leader of all those girls in the school, who considered dress and appearance as the most essential qualifications. Emeline felt proud to be distinguished by one who had so many followers, and she yielded herself again almost unresistingly to her influence. Alas! Lucy had discovered the weak points of her friend's character; and as every new adherent gave her new importance, especially one of Emeline's talents and genteel appearance, she exerted all her art to regain the ground she had lost. Whether she succeeded we cannot now inform our young readers, but we hope they will permit us to do it in a future number. In the meantime, we shall expect them to draw a useful moral from this. F.

Stockbridge.

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. ISABELLA AND ALICE CLARE.
THE EXILE
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 31, 1856; 29, 41; American Periodicals
pg. 161

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

ISABELLA AND ALICE CLARE.

"What is the matter, Isabella?" said Alice Clare to her sister, who was wiping her eyes, with every appearance of grief, exhibiting a most woe-begone countenance.

Alice was quietly sewing, and had been cheerfully talking to her sister from time to time, scarcely apprised of the fact that the latter was absorbed in reading, till an audible sob drew forth the above question. 'Alice, if you had ever read this book, you would not need to ask—it is one of the most affecting stories I ever read in my life," and Isabella, as if to confirm the statement, wept anew. "What is it, sister?" said Alice, rising and peeping over her shoulder. "The trials of Grace Harley." "And what is this picture about?" she continued, pointing to an elaborate wood-cut, representing a young lady descending from a very high wall, her drapery floating in the wind in picturesque disorder. "I never look at the pictures," said Isabella, contemptuously, "but oh how deeply interesting the book is. I would read a chapter to you, but I cannot trust my voice; I fear I could not read aloud." "Sister," exclaimed Alice, who was the younger of two very pretty, good-humored girls of eighteen, "why will you read such melancholy things, and cry about them, when it is so much pleasanter to laugh and be cheerful?" "Alice, I believe you are heartless," exclaimed Isabella, "for I never can get you to sympathise in these dear delicious tales, so full of romantic imagery, and pure, devoted love; but now I think of it, though you talk a great deal about cheerfulness, and scold me for crying, I caught you last night weeping in the lane behind our garden, and one evening last week your eyes were so red, papa, who seldom notices anything, spoke of it." Alice blushed, these truths came home to her, but it was anything but guilty emotions that reddened her cheek.

The two motherless sisters had been educated at a fashionable boarding school, and their different dispositions there unfolded, like flowers beneath a genial sun, for the teachers of that establishment were judiciously chosen; but in an evil hour Isabella listened to the voice of temptation, and was persuaded by an unprincipled school-mate, to engage in the destructive occupation of clandestine novel reading. The consequence was, that her mind became weakened, and her nervous system aroused; she was still amiably disposed, but from sympathies wrongly directed, and constant sorrow for fictitious woes, her energies were wanting when most needed, and she was unfitted for the active uses of life.

Alice was all that a woman should be, but so quietly and modestly were her best acts performed, that few were aware of her real worth; her sister was as much a

stranger as any one to the silent streams of charity that flowed from Alice's gentle hand and heart, nor did she deem that the tears she had seen her shed in the green lane behind the garden, were for the sorrows of a young mother, who had closed the eyes of a lovely infant upon this world forever. She had been with her many times during the sickness of the babe, and with her little clasp-Bible in her pocket, was returning from the closing scene, when she met Isabella in the lane. It was not until she had dried her tears, and become thoroughly composed, that she mentioned the circumstance. Without any emotion Isabella heard of the death of Jane's child. Jane had formerly been a servant in the family, and was besides an humble pious character; she married unhappily, and Alice had ever since studied to make her path of life less cheerless. A simple "dear me!" was the only reply Isabella made to her sister's announcement, but seeing something more was expected, she added, "I should think it a mercy, for Jane is ill able to support a family." Probably had the death of this infant been dressed up in fictitious woe, mourned over by one of the beautiful betrayed heroines of the fashionable novels, Isabella would have wept over its untimely end; but it is ever the case with inveterate novel readers, that the excitement of romance is necessary to rouse the feelings, if *feelings* they can be called.

It will be remembered that Isabella had mockingly alluded to her sister's red eyes, which called up in poor Alice very painful thoughts. The truth was, for some time past, the dear anxious affectionate girl, whose whole soul was bound up in those she loved, had noticed that her father remained out much later than usual, and that when he returned he was evidently under some exhilarating influence. One evening his appearance was so singular, that had not Isabella been deeply absorbed in reading a favorite romance, she too must have noticed it. Alice saw her absorption, and not being able to bear this great grief alone, retired to her room to weep and pray. That night at supper her eyes told the tale of her sufferings, and she blushed deeply as her father said, "What ails Allie? Have you too, Allie, been reading this trashy stuff?" and he took one of Isabella's novels from the table. Alice smiled then, cheerfully too, as she replied, "No, dear papa, I question whether one of those books could ever touch my hard heart." And her father was satisfied that no affliction disturbed his daughter; he little dreamt of the length, breadth and depth of her love, and she in the dutifulness of filial affection, was imagining a thousand ways by which she could reclaim her beloved parent.

Which had the more sensibility of the two sisters? Time will show whether Alice ever ventured to speak to her father upon the subject nearest her heart, and whether Isabella found that the living woes of those around her were more worthy of her tears, than the fictitious ones of the novel heroines.

The characters I have drawn are from life—the names only are changed, but I have the full authority of the originals to speak as plainly as I please. THE EXILE.

Narrative.

LITTLE EMMA,

AND THE LETTER SHE HAD FROM HER FATHER.

Little Emma was on a visit to her uncle in the country, and on the third day after her arrival she had been playing with her cousins in the garden at catch-ball, during which the ball had been lost among the shrubs and when it was found little Emma was missing.

"She must be in the lower garden," said John; so they all rushed there, but could not find her.

"O, perhaps she has hid in the tool-house," said Martha, but they could not find her.

"She must be behind some of the shrubs," said Alfred, "let us each take a different path and meet again at the gate," and off they started; but they meet again without having seen her.

Then they called her, but could hear no answer. At last Jane and Alfred ran into the house and searched in both the parlor, and then in the dining room, but could not find her. Jane then ran up stairs to Emma's bedroom, and there she found her sitting on a low stool, reading. Jane crept in softly, and looking over her shoulder, saw she was reading the Testament.

"Why, Emma," said Jane, "what a hunt we have had for you—all over the garden and the house; and listen! they are calling you still. Did you not hear us?"

"No, dear I did not," said Emma, "I suppose I was so engaged in what I was reading, did not hear you come up stairs, nor into the room."

"Well, do come and play," said Jane, "won't you?" "O, yes if you like," and Emma closed the book and ran after Jane into the garden.',

Jane got there first, and her brothers and sister seemed very surprised when she told them where she found her and what she was doing. But they were soon all busy again with their play.

When Alfred and John were in bed that evening, Alfred said, "John, how do you like, our cousin?"

"I like her very much," said John, she is so cheerful and obliging."

"So she is," said Alfred, "but still she is a very queer girl. I was not very much surprised to day, when we lost her, to hear where Jane found her, for I caught her twice in the the summer-house by herself, reading and it was always in the Testament. I cannot think why she reads it so often. I read at proper times, but I never heard of any boy or girl, but her, leaving their play for it. I should think she knows some parts by heart." Being tired, John was by this time asleep, and Alfred was soon so too.

The holidays soon passed away, and Emma returned home, and Alfred was sent to a boarding school for the first time. He found it very hard to part with his dear father and mother, brother and sister, for he loved them all dearly. After being there about four months, he received a long letter from his father, telling him all the news of the family, &c, with a deal of good advice. Alfred had never before had a letter sent to him, and he could not help opening and reading it again and again, until he not only knew its contents, but knew it all by heart.

Even then Alfred was not tired of his letter, but often read it, and when doing so one day in the play ground, half a dozen lads called out, "Now Alfred, come and have a game." But Alfred had only read half the first page, so he called out "All right, I'll come presently," and went on reading.

"What a queer fellow that Alfred is," said one of them, "he's always reading that letter. I am sure he knows it by heart by this time."

"A queer boy!" said Alfred to himself; "am I a queer boy because I read my father's letter so often? Well, if that makes me queer, I am a queer boy, for I do love to read it. But," said he thoughtfully, "that's strange—why that's just what I said of cousin Emma when at our house last holidays. I called her a queer girl for reading the Testament so often! O, I see it now! I see it all now! My father wrote me a letter, and I cannot read it too often. Her Heavenly Father wrote her a letter—and she loves to read it just as often. I thought then that she acted strangely; but I am now doing the same thing myself—reading so often what I know so well. No, she is not a queer girl. She loves her Heavenly Father and loves to read his word, and think over what He says. I see it all now!" he repeated staring thoughtfully into the sky. "That's very different from just reading the Bible a little on Sunday, because we think it our duty to do so. She loves the *Author* and she loves his messages. But why do not I?" inquired he. "Why do I not feel as much interest in that letter from my Heavenly Father as in this from my earthly father? I see it all now," continued he, "but I never saw it in this light before. I shall call the Bible *My Father's Letter*," and I hope I shall love it as well—no, *better* than I do this *letter*; and read it as often, and learn to love the Author of it." And Alfred jumped up and ran to join his play-fellows.

Dear reader, God is *your* Father, as well as little Emma's; and the Bible is His letter to *you* as much as it was to her. Read it then often, and when you read it, think, "this is my Father's letter;" and ask Him to enable you to love Him, and then you will love to read his letter also. I. Y. I.

Benevolence.: MAM BETTY'S ONE EYE. A TRUE STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.
Susan
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Feb 22, 1855; 28, 44; American Periodicals
pg. 174

Benevolence.

ORIGINAL.

MAM BETTY'S ONE EYE.

A TRUE STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Where do you live, little girls? I now live in western Pennsylvania, where there are great woods, ten miles long, some very bad roads, some wildcats, a great many snakes, and a good many kind, good people. When I was a little girl, I lived in New England, as I suppose most of you do, and my parents sent me away from home to a boarding-school in a village near Boston. Among so many young ladies and misses as good Madam B. numbered in her school, it would be strange if there were not some murmurings, and *sometimes* a slight rebellion at the various tasks, studies, and duties imposed upon us by our wise teachers. Especially did some of us younger ones long to be free from school, and from what seemed to us, its strict and harsh regulations. But now, as I have grown older, and I hope wiser, I can see that our kind teachers enforced their regulations for our good, and that had we attended to them more obediently, we should not only have had more knowledge in our minds, but more love and kindness in our hearts, and more control over those faults of youth, which, if not "nipped in the bud," will mar the otherwise loveliest character, and spoil what might have been the finest intellect.

Every Wednesday afternoon one of the teachers would assemble the little ones, as they used to call us, in the recitation room, and give us various little lectures on little subjects, such as our duty to our teachers; to each other; the great importance of industry, of storing our minds with knowledge, &c., to all of which, I am sorry to say, we did not always give the best heed. One afternoon, instead of the lecture, our teacher proposed to us to take a walk with her. Now, of course, we were all alacrity, and obeyed with unusual readiness. Indeed the smiles and pranks, and display of white dresses, red ribbons, and perfumery, were quite enough to have put an honest Dutchman into a full laugh.—Out we sallied in a long train, gay as the morning larks, for we knew that there were some fine walks about the village. We walked about half a mile from the town, when our teacher turned into a little lane, and knocked at the door of a small, pretty, but poor looking cottage, which, shaded by thick trees, stood a little distance from the road.

We entered the cottage, and found within an old lady, quite infirm, who had entirely lost the sight of one eye. She was very poor, and had no relatives, but she taught a school of very small children, when people would send them in to her. Many were kind to her. After a pleasant conversation, designed by our teacher to bring out before us her contentment and thankfulness for her blessings, she said, 'Mam Betty, what a great misfortune it was to you when you lost your eye.' Raising her withered hand, she said with a peculiar emphasis, and with a sweet recognition of the kindness of Providence, which I can never forget, '*O, Mam, what a mercy from God it was I did not lose both.*' She could see, and sweetly taste God's mercy in the bitter cup of misfortune he had given her to drink. I think more than one of those little girls thanked God, as they silently walked home, for the blessings of sight with both eyes. Often since, when I have been inclined to murmur, because I could not have all I wished, I have thought of Mam Betty's thankfulness for one eye, and my heart has been hushed to quietude, and I hope has sometimes thanked God for the many mercies I have. SUSAN.

Moral Tales.

MISS BEFORE TEENS.

BY GILES M'QUIGGIN.

Mama, will you please to spread
A little sugar on my bread,
And mama, dearest, if you please,
To cut a little bit of cheese,
Just a very little bit;
I'm grown too large now to be carried,
To-morrow, ma, mayn't I be married?

"Come Helen," said Mrs. Henderson to her daughter, aged *eleven*, "put up your beads and trinkets, and prepare for bed—it's almost eight o'clock."

"Indeed, ma, I cannot afford to do any such thing as to go to bed so soon," replied the young lady, "I'm entirely too old to be talked to in such childish language, and besides, Mr. Kingston is to be here at half past eight, there's his card in the rack now."

Mrs. Henderson was dumb in astonishment for a few moments after her womanish daughter had done speaking, and prompted by curiosity, she examined the card rack, and sure enough the "compliments of Mr. George Kingston" were there in old English letters, on a beautiful embossed card. Mr. George Kingston had just turned his 12th year, he wore a stock, and flourished a silver headed cane. Mrs. Henderson amused herself a short time with the little emblem of the children's precocity, when replacing it in the rack, and seating herself near Miss Helen, she resumed the conversation by saying:—

"And so George Kingston is to be here at half past eight, is he?"

"Yes, ma, when he sent his card up this morning, the message accompanying it was that he would be here at that hour."

"And for what purpose?"

"Why ma, to talk about everything, like other people do."

"What sort of everything?"

"Why the balls, and the theatre, Hannington's Dioramas and the Ravels, and,—

"Poh, child, hush, and bustle off to bed—you are a pretty minx to talk of entertaining a beau with ball and nonsense; come, off with you."

"Minx, ma, what do you mean by that? Do you remember that I have been to boarding school?"

"Yes, child, I remember that you've been to dancing school, there's where you met with Mr. George Kingston, I suppose."

"Yes, ma, you know there's always a few moments' leisure between the setts, and then the ladies and gentlemen promenade and talk about the weather and a thousand pretty things."

"And what sort of pretty things do you and George Kingston talk about?"

"George Kingston! Ma, it's Mr. Kingston; he's as much right to be called Mr. as anybody. He rattaned Henry Cuthbert for slighting me in the waltz, and I don't like to hear him spoken of so disrespectfully."

"Highty tighty, Miss Henderson! and so I suppose we may expect a courtship soon!"

"Courtship, indeed! we are not so foolish as to waste time in courtship, I can tell you, madam—and if you must know it, we have been engaged two months."

This was a secret worth knowing, and Mrs. Henderson, as soon as she received the information, prompted by curiosity, determined to await the arrival of Mr. George Kingston, to see how these youthful lovers would demean themselves in her presence. In due time the little hero was announced, and after a few handsome flourishes of his silver topped cane, he seated himself, and began to play the man.

"How do you like the manner in which Miss Fustion behaved the other evening, Miss Helen?" asked the infant wooer.

"At the ball—O horrible, she's the most ill-behaved young lady in the world, and she's to be married in four weeks, did you know it, Mr. Kingston?"

"I heard it at the theatre last night; you should have been there, Miss Helen; the play was excellent, and Miss Eustice fainted. You cannot conceive how interesting she looked."

"Fainted! O my gracious! What made her faint, Mr. Kingston?"

"She was so affected at Virginia's being stabbed by her father, Miss Helen."

"*Well, I don't wonder at it, anything* at the theatre *looks* so *natural*, and *she's* a *chicken-hearted creature.* Did you ever see one so frightened as she was at the diorama?"

"She was very much frightened, Miss Helen, and tore some of the buttons off Mr. Wise's coat in clinging to him for support. She is to be married to Mr. Wise in the spring."

"To be married in the spring, and so young, Mr. Kingston? Why, ma says I shan't these four years."

"She's a fortune, they say, Miss Helen, and Henry Howell's mother says he must strike when the iron is hot."

"The young lady was courted years ago, Mr. Kingston, and her first lover died; she's been melancholy ever since, and some say she's in a decline; I wonder if it is true?"

"Don't know, indeed; but the Ravels, the Ravels, Miss Helen, they're going away next week, and we must see them before they leave us; when can you go?"

"I can't tell exactly, Mr. Kingston, may'be Monday night, I'll ask ma, may'be she'll go with us—it will be so fine to have ma go with us. Will you go with us ma?"

"What are you talking about, child?" asked the mother, lifting her eyes from a book which she was pretending to read, though in truth she had been a listener to all that had been said, and a trial it was to her to preserve her gravity during the very animated and interesting discussion?"

"Why," said Mr. George Kingston, "I have invited Miss Helen to go and see the Ravels, and she requests that you will accompany us, madam—will you be so kind?"

"O yes, ma, do, it will be so fine, you on one side of Mr. Kingston, and I on the other; I guess Miss Fustian and Miss St. Eustace would feel very flat; both their mothers forbid their beaus coming to their house any more, and they are obliged to meet away from home—do ma, go with us, will you?"

Mrs. Henderson had been exceedingly amused at their chit chat, and she could scarcely suppress a smile when she remembered that "that they had been engaged these two months;" truly, thought she they will make a lovely couple, he thirteen, and she eleven, and they conversing with as much interest and freedom as if they were twenty; she laid her book aside for a moment, and soberly exclaimed—"Well, I wonder what this world is coming to?"

The little lovers were completely thrown off the track of their tete-a-tete, for it was evident that the surprise of Helen's mother had arisen from their conversation, and her movement had too much meaning in it for them to be mistaken. Miss Helen looked at her mother with a fearful frown, and Mr. George Kingston shrugged up his shoulders and looked towards his hat. Discretion on his part was doubtless the better part of valor:

For he that loves and runs away,
May live to love another day.

And after he had flourished his silver mounted cane, and pulled his watch from his pocket, and adjusted his stock and collar, he arose to take his departure.

From that time forth. Miss Helen was forced to retire to bed at eight o'clock. [*Baltimore Monument.*

[And it would be a great deal better for many other young Misses to retire to bed at eight oclock, than to attend balls and theatres, late at night, where by dressing thin, and exposing their health to the night air, they contract colds, causing consumptions, even if they do not form improper associations, of which there is much danger.]

Moral Tales.: MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME.
Badger, M C
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Oct 18, 1849; 23, 25; American Periodicals
pg. 97

Moral Tales.

MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME.

Written for the Olive Branch, by M. C. Badger.

"By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where my childhood play'd;
By the household tree through which mine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the rosy breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon my heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—"

My Grandfather's Home!—around it clusters fond associations that make the name of it delightful. The long and neatly trimmed passage to the door, shaded by rows of noble cedars, maples, elms, and horse chesnuts—the fine lawn in front—the well trained orchard in the rear, and the wide expanse of fields around, while in the distance the tranquil river, the hills and the plains, presented to the eye a romantic scenery. Then, the old fashioned dwelling with the front door exactly in the centre, the square rooms on either side with the heavy beams through the ceiling, the highly polished floors, and the massive antique furniture, is a pleasing picture rivetted in my memory.

Scarcely had I seen two summers, when I was left an orphan. My father had sought a milder clime in hopes the change might restore health to his frame, long enervated by disease, but in that distant clime he breathed away his breath, and was laid in a stranger's grave. My mother already predisposed to the same disease of which my father died, survived him but four months, consigning her two babes to the care of her good old father and aunt Patience, her widowed sister.

There could not be drawn a more exact portrait of the old Puritans than my grandfather. He was a tall, athletic man, of a noble bearing, and pleasingly dignified manners. I seem to see the placid and benign expression that ever played over his countenance, and hear the pleasant tones of his voice which always prepossessed every one in his favor. He was a man who sought the right and avoided the wrong in every cause, and was always ready to bestow both time and money to promote any benevolent object. But in whatever light my grandfather might be seen, in none did he shine so brightly as in his Christian character. He studied diligently the Bible, to know the way and the truth, and made it the guide of his life, thus adopting the judicious system which rendered him a safe model for imitation. He never put aside the Christian, but in every day business, religious principle actuated his motives. He had a happy talent of imparting instruction, and his thorough knowledge and clear perception enabled him to convey to the minds of those around him an uncommon degree of varied information. The Sabbath was a day of delight to my grandfather, and he made it a day of delight to his household, for his example, which was sanctioned by aunt Patience, led us always to welcome with joy the rising glories of the Sabbath morn. My grandfather was the most amusing of story tellers. I shall never forget his pleasant voice as it greeted me from school or play, or how fondly he would take me upon one knee, while sister Jane or cousin Lizzie were lovingly placed upon the other, to hear grandpa tell stories of olden times. The skirmishes about his home, then quite an isolated spot—the encounters with Indians—the revolutionary struggles in which he participated, and the most interesting events of history, are lastingly impressed upon my memory, because communicated in so pleasing a form. My young heart swelled with enthusiasm, while I longed for the time when my courage should be tested, and when I could boast of as brave a spirit as I thought my grandfather possessed.

It was Saturday—our play day, the last Saturday I was to spend for a long time beneath the roof of my grandfather's house, for on the next Monday, I was to leave for a boarding school. When the first rays of the rising sun peeped into the eastern windows, I was up, devising plans to improve every moment, while Jane and Lizzie eagerly coincided in all my schemes. The morning we spent in our usual exercises, and never did a merry group improve their time so vigorously in running, climbing, riding, top spinning and kite flying, with the various inndoor amusements. Grandfather took us to sail on the pond, and, as we passed a very high and almost perpendicular rock rising from the water's edge—he pointed to it and said, "look there! my son, could you scale that rock?"

I looked at him in amazement.

"But I have done it, my boy. When but ten years of age, I read of the conquest

of Quebec, by General Wolfe, and being fired with a passion for military glory, so prevalent at that time, I studied narrowly his operations, and decided, if he could ascend with his troops, the steep and abrupt heights of Abraham, and draw up the order of battle upon the summit, I would receive the lesson as an incitement to courage, and thus fit myself for a brave soldier. Filled with a new impulse, I resorted to this rock, and marching around its base in the manner I imagined General Wolfe surveyed the heights of Abraham, with great intrepidity I began an advance towards the top. Difficulties constantly appeared, the rock was too smooth at one time, at another, the steps carried me in such a circuitous direction, as made me almost despair, while my head and neck seemed dislocated, and my eyes became bewildered in looking downwards, around and upwards. A soldier must not possess a faint heart, thought I, so I would not give way, but pressed on and on, alone and unheeded. The summit was gained, and with a joy not exceeded by gallant Wolfe himself, when, in his dying moments, he heard the exclamations,—"they run! they run!" planting my foot down firmly upon the rock, I exclaimed, "victory! victory! I've scaled the heights of Abraham."

My grandfather's eyes glistened with delight as he uttered those last words with the enthusiasm of youth.

"But, grandfather, how did you descend?"

"Ah! my son, that was easier than the ascent, I can assure you. But I wish this achievement to impress your mind with the same lesson it taught myself—courage to undertake difficulties, patience to endure them, and perseverance to overcome them."

We had been such attentive listeners as made us not aware of the fleeting moments or that our pleasureable sail was brought to a close. Grandfather now declared he must return and leave aunt Patience to go with us to the woods.

Aunt Patience was a very loveable being, always anticipating our wants, and soothing our misfortunes. Indeed, she was a perfect prodigy to us, little folks, for she entered into our sports with equal zest with ourselves. There was naught so beautiful as Frank's kite or balloon, then Jenny's hoop glided so swiftly, and Lizzy's doll was so rosy and pretty, in fine, the pleasure she manifested made us doubly pleased. It was a word—a look—a smile—these alike conquered our hearts. In the woods we were sure of endless stories about everything we met, for aunt Patience's knowledge seemed boundless. She was equally versed in analizing stones and trees, and discoursed as well about the wild flowers as the science of astronomy. Thus we wandered on, almost forgetting our fatigue in the interesting scenes that were constantly presented, and the sun had sank behind the western hills, when we arrived of the gate of the old mansion.

Monday morning dawned in all the balminess of June. As I stood upon the threshhold, my grandfather took my hand, and in an impressive tone of voice and serious manner, said—

"My son, you are leaving for the first time the restraints of home, to go amidst other scenes, where temptations will surround you, and troubles you have never imagined. Yield not to them, but let your behaviour be such as will reflect honor on your own head, and cause our hearts to rejoice. I have always found you an obedient, truthful boy; let me never have occasion to change my opinion. Remember, although you have not my eye upon you, that Eye which never slumbers or sleeps, will watch over you, and protect you from every ill, if you make him your friend, and act as in his presence. Give no time to idleness, and so control yourself, as to maintain fixed principles in doing right. Cherish a love for home, and above all, keep holy the Sabbath-day."

I thanked my grandfather, and told him I loved and reverenced his opinion too much to allow his advice to pass unheeded.

Six months had nearly elapsed, and I was looking forward to the exhibition as the present sealing point of my school captivity, when I received a letter from home, stating the sudden death of my grandfather. It was my first sorrow, for I was too young when my parents died, to realize their loss, and when I reflected my dear old grandfather's voice was still in death, and that he could counsel me no more, my heart almost burst with grief. My preparations were hastily made, and I set out on a bitter cold morn in December, for my day's journey. Meeting with an accident by the way, we were detained at the hotel over night, so that I arrived home just in time to attend the funeral. Never were there more sincere mourners, than at the grave of my grandfather. He was throughout a long life universally respected and beloved for his uniform benevolence, social feelings and ardent piety. He seemed to me a perfect man, and I should have wondered had his name been mentioned without reverence.

Weeks passed, yet I had not returned to school, as my grandfather's estate was to go into other hands. Aunt Patience was now my only guide. Her husband had left a small annuity, quite insufficient even to support herself and little Lizzie, yet with this income, she resolved to take a small tenement in Boston, where she might be able to earn, with her own hands, a sufficiency to educate those committed to her care. "Changes will come," said aunt Patience, "so we will go cheerfully in the path heaven directs." With sad hearts we gathered up our all to quit the place dearest to us on earth—my grandfather's home.

I had attained my fourteenth year, and was old enough to realize my sister's and my own situation. Thanks to my old grandfather for inuring me to habits of industry, I determined to devote myself to making those around me comfortable, and, if God prospered me, poverty should not be known in our dwelling. Sister Jane was a sickly child, and needed constant care, and aunt Patience with all her usual mildness, bestowed upon her the attentions of a mother's love, yet she could not rescue her from death's icy grasp. We had been settled but two months, when she was attacked by a violent fever. One evening as we stood by her bedside, she took my hand, and softly articulated, "Frank I must die—but I am not afraid of death." She was silent for a few moments, while her lips moved as if in prayer, then, with a brightened eye, she said, "heaven is a glorious place, Frank, I see it all—so bright. Oh! I want to dwell there, with Jesus Christ." She closed her eyes and left speaking,—gave a sigh and died. Thus was one of the loveliest flowers of earth, transplanted to the paradise of God.

Determined upon obtaining my own livelihood, I applied to several merchants; at last almost discouraged, I providentially entered Mr. ———'s store. After hearing my errand, he smiled, and very kindly said, "Perhaps there may be sufficient for you to do in my store; try, and if you prove honest and industrious, it may be well with you." I tried, and at the age of twenty, received a salary of one thousand a year. In a few years, one of the partners retired, and I was admitted to the co-partnership.

Amidst the pressing cares of a thriving business, my mind ever turned to my grandfather's home. It was the scene of the budding hopes of youth—of all childhood's associations, and the memory of it was cherished in pleasurable remembrance. I longed to call it my own, and after many unsuccessful attempts to purchase it, I was denominated the proprietor. When the intelligence was communicated to aunt Patience, and she was once more enthroned mistress of the mansion, she wept for joy, and Lizzie was wild with delight.

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

MY SCHOOLMATES.—No. 2.

The Inquirer.

It was Saturday evening. In a pleasant and commodious upper hall of the Seminary of R. some seventy young ladies had slowly gathered together. It seemed to be a hallowed spot, for as they approached it, the mirthful laugh had died away, the buoyant step of youth had become more slow and cautious, and the gladsome smile had given place to an expression of chastened and subdued feeling, as each one entered, and seated herself in reverent silence. It was the hour of prayer, and so sweetly did the voices of nature harmonize with the spirit of devotion, that even the most thoughtless could not fail to recognize its melting and sacred influences. Most touchingly did the praise of our evening hymn mingle with the incense of adoration that was ascending from earth's thousand altars, as the glories of a summer sunset flung over her their parting radiance. While yet the last rays of daylight lingered, we listened to the teachings of the sacred word, and as twilight deepened, the low voice of prayer moved all as by one impulse, to lift the heart and bend the knee to God.

"Hush! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while the twilight sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night—in prayer."

On the evening to which we have alluded, there was one present in our circle, who had never entered it before. She had been our school-mate for nearly a year, yet she was not only a stranger to the prayer meeting, but as far as sympathy and social acquaintanceship were concerned, an unknown being to most of her companions. It was, therefore, with no slight emotions of surprise, that when our number had mostly assembled, the door was slowly opened, and we lifted our eyes upon Laura Richmond. She crossed the hall with her usual proud, yet graceful step, and seating herself by an open window, dropped her light shawl from her shoulders, threw off her straw hat, and supporting her head upon her hand, while her elbow rested upon the window sill, she remained, with an air of nonchalence peculiarly her own, apparently a mere spectator of the scene before her.

Instead, however, of her presence acting as a restraint upon our social exercises of devotion, they seemed to be animated with renewed tenderness, and our meeting was characterized with more fervor and interest than usual. The twilight had long since faded, giving place to the full moon, yet the voice of prayer and praise still flowed forth as the natural out-pouring of many hearts; and it was evident, as the clear moonlight shone full upon the face of Laura, and revealed the changes of her expressive countenance, that however she might have entered, she would not leave our circle an entirely uninterested observer.

The young lady whom we have introduced, was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer and statesman, who resided in the vicinity of the city of B. She was the only daughter in a family of five sons, and from her earliest years, the indulgence of parents and brothers, acting upon a temperament naturally proud and haughty, had insensibly, but surely, impressed upon her the presumption that she was a person of consequence. Her talents were good, her powers of mental perception and discernment unusually clear. She was a despiser of show, affectation and frivolity, and in proportion as she saw those qualities manifested by others among whom she might be thrown, in that proportion did she arrogate to herself a mental superiority, the dignity of which she would not deign to transgress by familiarity with those whom she deemed incomparably beneath her in character. She assumed no pre-eminence on account of the wealth of her parents, or the high station in society they had always sustained, neither did she seem conceited of her fine person, for she was too proud to be vain. It was of herself she was proud, her character, her sentiments, her lofty views and feelings; that while the many young ladies about her lived to dress, to shine, and to attract attentions as light and unmeaning as themselves, she sat upon a pinnacle immeasurably above them, and could regard all their frivolity with the richly merited meed of contempt and scorn which it deserved. She seemed fondly attached to her parents and brothers, though in the family she was capricious, and seldom willing to yield her own will to that of others. With the

exception of the winter months of a few years, she had always resided in the country, and although she had been surrounded by those whom she might have made associates, yet her natural pride and reserve led her to avoid the selection of companions, and aside from her household friends, to find her society in books, music, and embroidery.

In this state of things, Laura had attained her seventeenth year, when her father, on returning after a long absence from home, seemed for the first time to perceive that her haughty and taciturn habits, were entirely unfitting her to become a useful and esteemed member of society. Hence, by mutual consultation, her parents decided that their daughter should be sent from home and placed in a boarding school, where as they thought she would necessarily form acquaintances, and become more sociable and companionable. Laura was informed of the determination, and diametrically opposed it; but for once she learned that it was the will of her father to rule rather than to be ruled, and she was obliged to yield to his wishes.

Laura Richmond accordingly became a member of the Seminary at R. but this by no means reached the root of the evil which her parents wished to remedy. She studiously kept herself aloof from all by whom she was daily surrounded in the boarding house or school room. She had nether room-mate, nor desk-mate, and usually had no companion in her solitary walks. Her school-mates were not long in ascertaining the drift of her sentiments, and as no one desired to intrude her companionship, she was left to the enjoyment of as much solitary dignity as she could desire. Still, there were some among our number whose characters she appeared to respect, and with whom she would exchange observations upon matters of general interest; and here and there one was found, whose merry voice and sunny smile seemed to melt away the frozen indifference of her heart, and call from her a candid salutation.

Notwithstanding there was not a member of the school who would have awarded to Laura the superiority she manifestly claimed for herself, yet she was generally respected. There was about her an originality of character, an independence of the opinions of others, and a freedom from petty foibles, which gained for her a certain kind of esteem, though it was entirely unmingled with affection.

The afternoon session of school had closed, and its members, rejoicing that the day's restraint was over, had rapidly dispersed from the seminary. Two of the class whom we called "little girls," yet remained in the recitation room, deeply discussing the contents of a paper before them. It was a subscription list, which had been started to secure a grand desideratum in the view of our body politic, and Effie Campbell, as a general favorite, had been employed to circulate the paper.

"There Lizzy," she said, after carefully counting up the amount affixed to her list of names, "I want five dollars more, and the question is where shall I get it, for I have given my paper to all the girls, who I think will be willing to subscribe."

"Have you presented it to Miss Richmond?" asked Lizzy.

"Miss Richmond! Laura Richmond!" repeated Effie, opening wide her blue eyes with astonishment. "You don't suppose I am going to take it to her? Pray, how should I go? send a messenger before my face, to ask audience, and then dropping upon one knee, present my petition with, "I humbly crave your ladyship's attention." No, not I. The day is far off, when I ask a favor of Laura Richmond."

The two arose to go. "Stay till I get my books," said Effie, as she stepped into the next room near the open door-way, of which they had been seated. But as she crossed the threshold, she gave a sudden start, while her quick Scotch blood mounted instantaneously over her neck, face and ears, for there with her finger between the leaves of her half closed book, sat Laura Richmond.

"Don't be disconcerted," said Laura, with a kind smile, "you should certainly be willing that I should know what you think of me. But let me see the paper you were talking of," and taking her pencil, she added Effie's requisite sum, five dollars.

This little incident was soon reported among all our number, and seemed to produce a slight reaction in her favor; and as it occurred but a few days before the Saturday evening to which we have alluded, the unprecedented circumstance of her attending our prayer meeting, rather tended to deepen the favorable impression. A week glided away, bringing again the hour of social prayer, and again Laura was present. A third time she entered our praying circle, and although the circumstance of her thus changing her practice elicited from many a remark of surprize, yet it was generally recounted merely as a passing freak of her somewhat capricious conduct.

It was late in the evening, that a gentle rap was heard at the door of Emily Davis. Her surprise may be conceived, when, on opening it, she beheld Laura Richmond, with disordered hair and inflamed eyes. "I intrude upon you at an unseasonable hour," she said, "but I can no longer endure this weight of sin that is pressing upon me. Emily, will you pray with me?" Emily hesitated but for a moment, for the flame of christian love in Emily's heart was always brightly burning, and enlisting her warm sympathies in the case before her, tenderly and fully did she point out to her the path of duty, as embraced in the simple conditions of the gospel, and then most fervently did she pray that the seal of God's forgiving love might be impressed upon the returning wanderer's heart. Now that Laura had found courage to speak of her feelings, she seemed to find relief in giving them an unrestrained expression.

"It is about a month since," she said, "that this passage was read and commented upon, at morning devotion, 'A proud heart is an abomination to the Lord.' It came upon my mind so vividly, so forcibly, that it seemed as if it were engraven there in letters of flame. I knew that I was proud, and I gloried in it, but the thought that I, who had conceived myself so superior to many others, was on that very account an abomination—oh how much that word expresses—an abomination to the Lord. It is this, that has haunted me day and night, and made the world darkness to me. I tried to throw off the weight that was sinking me to the earth, but it only pressed upon me the more heavily. I felt that I must become reconciled to God, and earnestly I have read the Bible to learn how I can do it, but it has been of no avail. I attended your meeting, hoping that some one might be induced to talk with me upon the subject that engrossed my thoughts, but I suppose I was regarded as an indifferent observer, for I have been there three times, and no one has yet spoken to me. I could wait no longer, and therefore I have come to you to-night."

Again did Emily speak of the freeness of salvation, and urged her to partake of the rich fullness of a Saviour's forgiving love. Laura seemed to be relieved and encouraged by the assurance of her sympathies and prayers, though she left her with a still heavily burdened heart.

The remainder of the week she kept her room. The cause of her absence from school was generally known. The fact that Laura Richmond was humbly enquiring the way to life, came home to many hearts, as the most impressive lesson of religious instruction they had ever received. It seemed to exert a subduing sway over every mind, and its influence passed not away with the passing moment.

It was Sabbath morning, still, bright and holy. We slowly assembled in the hall at the hour of morning devotions, and among the last, were Emily Davis and Laura Richmond. They entered, each with an arm about the other's waist, and strange as it seemed to see Laura in such close companionship with any one, it was stranger still to mark in her every expression the wonderful change that had come over her spirit. There was an air about her so gentle, so unassuming, that we could no longer regard her as a stranger. We felt the wall of partition that she had reared so high was broken down, and that she had become one of us. The long shining braids of her raven hair were still wound about her finely formed head, yet the commanding look we had ever thought they imparted to her, was beautifully tempered by the meeker grace of submission. The crimson glow upon her cheek had deepened and blended more richly with her clear olive complexion, but it was evidently the flush of happiness, not of fancied superiority. Her dark eyes had assumed an expression of tenderness they had never worn before, and though her lip had lost its curl of pride, it was more sweetly graced by the smile of humility and love. There was a peace within her heart which the world gave not, and a joy too deep for utterance, though the glistening eye, the quivering lip, and the tremulous voice which softly greeted our ears after the music of our morning hymn, witnessed that her spirit could not remain with folded wings. Most bitterly did she speak of her sins, and most touchingly of the agonies of her grief, and the depth of her penitence, and then with streaming eyes how ardently did she magnify the love of her Saviour in granting her the priceless boon of his pardon. She urged all to partake of her joy, assuring us that she had already caught the echoes of heaven's music, as she had been led in spirit through its green pastures, and by its still waters. That low earnest voice, with what subduing power it came over our hearts, how did it impress upon us the great realities of the future, and woo us to the open gates of heaven; for it was the voice of one over whom the angels of God were even then rejoicing.

Several years have glided away, during which, Laura Richmond has ever been the active and devoted Christian, seeking to do good by her wealth, her labors and her influence. But so deeply were the events I have narrated engraven on my heart, that every subsequent item in her history, has brightened rather than dimmed their distinctness. And when among the forms of the absent and the loved, her image floats before my mental vision, it is ever graced with her sweet humility, as The Inquirer.

Edgartown. ABBIE.

Moral.: ORIGINAL. MY SCHOOLMATES.--No. 1. THE CONTRAST.
ABBIE
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jun 5, 1846; 20, 5; American Periodicals
pg. 17

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

MY SCHOOLMATES.—No. 1.

The Contrast.

It was an April morning. The beams of the rising sun were brightly gilding the domes and spires of Boston, and fantastically illuminating the wreaths of smoke that curled gracefully over the city. The tide of living beings from the surrounding country were setting in with a steadily increasing flow, and the great heart of business had commenced its mighty pulsations, and was sending forth its first streams of activity and life. It was at this hour that a stage coach rapidly wound its way through the streets of the city, collecting its passengers for the day's journey. Once more it stopped, and admitting two young ladies, completed its number. The driver mounted his box, and by a startling crack of the whip, seemed to remind his horses that now all was ready for a speedy arrival at the place of their destination.

"Our house is very smoky," said the lively Martha Parker, one of the young ladies who had last entered, in apology for her companion's inflamed cheeks, and swollen eyes, while a certain redness and moisture about her own, proved that she had not been entirely insensible to the annoyance.

The passengers seated in the inside of the coach were nine in number, all school girls, and all excepting two, previously acquainted. Yet after the usual salutations, there prevailed an unbroken silence. Each seemed absorbed in her own meditations, and by a strange coincidence, most of the company seemed to have been afflicted with smoky houses, or something producing a like effect, for through the shade of green veils many glazed cheeks and tearful eyes were discoverable.

The coach had rattled over the pavements of the city, crossed Cambridge bridge, whose view of dark blue sparkling waters, and fresh sea breezes were most refreshing, and entered the beautiful environs of Cambridge, when there seemed to be a little change in the feelings of its inmates. Veils were thrown back, general observations exchanged, now and then smiles chased away the clouds from countenances hitherto tearful and sad, and there seemed to prevail a general, though tacit acknowledgment, that it is the best philosophy to conform to circumstances with as good a grace as possible.

Before many hours had passed, most of the company, doubtless, improved the opportunity of studying the physiognomy, and mentally noting down observations on the character of the two strangers to whom allusion has been made, who were henceforth to be our schoolmates and companions. One was a girl apparently about sixteen years of age, dressed neatly and respectably, but in garments whose texture and general plainness of appearance, indicated a careful regard to economy. Her figure wore little approximation to symmetry, and her face was unusually plain and uninteresting. Dull brown hair, small light eyes, sallow complexion, high cheek bones, and an insignificantly small nose and mouth, were the general outlines of her appearance. She was evidently diffident and reserved, for she made no attempt at conversation herself, and if addressed, answered in the most concise manner possible.

By her side sat a girl, of whom we fear a faithful description will appear like a fictitious exaggeration. If our readers will combine a figure of delicate moulding, with a complexion transparently fair, features of faultless proportions, large liquid blue eyes, and shining waves of the sunniest hair, they will form a beau-ideal of the appearance of Fanny Hastings. In repose, her face was doll-like in its expression, but her smiles were so winning, that you would give her credit for a warm heart, if not for a lofty intellect. Her carriage was graceful, and her deportment easily polite, while her dress and general appearance betokened that she was accustomed to ease and affluence. "What a contrast," remarked Anna Lincoln to me, as we stood aside from the rest of the party, at one of the stations, where we obtained new relays of horses, "we will take care they shall not sit together again, for it is really pitiable to see that unfortunate being by the side of one so beautiful."

The day wore wearily on, and after a tedious ride of fifty miles, we arrived at the pleasant village in which was situated the R. Female Seminary. Here was to be our residence for the coming term of four months, and although to many, in whose hearts all the fond endearments of home were yet vividly fresh, this was a gloomy foreboding, yet amid the greetings of old companions, the selection of rooms, the unpacking and arranging of the contents of trunks and bandboxes, the general tone of spirits revived, while there were cherished many visions of school-day happiness. As term after term glided away, we learned the personal history of the strangers, and became acquainted with their characters.

Emily Davis was the daughter of a respectable and industrious mechanic, and the eldest of a large family of brothers and sisters. She was of a contemplative mind, and from her earliest years, reading and study had been her chief delight; and so great was her mental craving for knowledge, and her desire to enjoy the advantages of education, that her indulgent parents, by dint of many sacrifices, had placed her in the seminary at R. Most diligently did she improve her advantages, for she prized them according to their true value. She had a strong and well-balanced mind, an affectionate heart which shrank instinctively from inflicting mental pain, as truly as from receiving it. But she was most marked by her individuality of character. She thought for herself, always using her own judgment upon every subject on which she was called to think or act, and yet she cherished a high regard for the opinions of others, wiser and better than herself. She stood upon her own footing, and was not easily moved. Her opinions once formed, she abided by them; her principles established, she acted upon them with a moral courage and independence of what others might think or say, that could command nought but admiration and respect. And yet this was done so meekly, so unostentatiously, with an entire unconsciousness that her character was formed to sway others, rather than to be swayed, that love mingled with the esteem with which she was regarded. Most brightly and constantly also, did the principles of her Christian profession shine in her daily life. Her voice was never silent in our praying circle, as when in the twilight or moonlight hour, she could gain access to the ear of an unconverted associate. In short, it was Emily Davis who never failed in a recitation, never broke a rule, never seemed to neglect a duty, never received a reproof.

Fanny Hastings had been bereft of both her parents at the age of three years, and committed to the charities of an orphan asylum. It was there that Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, who had no children of their own, had seen the little orphan, and struck with her exceeding beauty, had determined upon adopting her. She was accordingly taken to her new home, where she had been reared in all the appliances of wealth, and in fond, though injudicious indulgences. Her foster parents had always sought to procure for her every advantage of education, but at the age of sixteen she was so deficient in the common rudiments of knowledge, that as a last resort they determined upon a boarding school, and accordingly she was sent to the R. Seminary. She said she was a luckless being, who never happened to do anything right; always tardy, al

ways deficient in her lessons, and invariably doing the things she ought not to do, and leaving undone the things she ought to do. She was by no means deficient in mental qualities, as was often tested by her enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art, of which she seemed to have an instinctive and delicate perception; and often, if her teacher could succeed in commanding her attention for a sufficient length of time to enforce a lesson, she understood as clearly and acquired as readily as any one. But she had no power over her own mind. It was as fickle and unstable as water. She seemed incapable of deciding for herself in the most trivial matters, and was constantly seeking the advice of those about her. Yet we could not help loving Fanny, for she was always pleasant, never self-willed or angry. Her thoughtless conduct brought upon her many and grievous reproofs, which she received most meekly, as knowing she deserved them, yet she forgot they had been given, as their sound died upon her ear. And when sometimes by the utmost stretch of politeness we could not restrain a hearty laugh at her egregious blunders, she forbore to take the slightest offence.

In the graduating class that was about to leave the institution, Emily Davis, whose talents had been brightened by the constant polish of study, ranked first in point of scholarship, whilst she was also its most respected and beloved member. Her influence over the school, of which she had been three years a pupil, was so great, that with many her sanction of any opinion or course of action was a sufficient recommendation for its adoption, whilst her example was considered the very standard of excellence. She had been educating herself for a teacher, and such was the confidence cherished in her qualifications, that several situations were offered her, even before she had completed her course of study.

The last day of the term at length came. Emily passed the ordeal of a protracted and close examination in her various studies with so strong a proof of mental discipline and intellectual attainment, as to elicit a general murmur of satisfaction, while poor Fanny, who happened to be called upon immediately after one of Emily's most successful recitations, was so entirely at fault, so utterly destitute of an idea, that an expression of commiseration for her awkward position was plainly visible among the audience. Again my friend Anna touched my arm, and whispered, "What a contrast!"

In a few months after, Fanny left school, she often met in her walks a stranger, who after several futile attempts at acquaintance, at last introduced himself to her as a Spaniard of distinction, making the tour of our country in a humble style, for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the various classes of society. He assured her, he was captivated by her beauty, and eventually offered her his hand, with most alluring descriptions of his home, among the sunny hills of Spain. Fanny believed him. She had always taken the statements of others upon trust. She had never thought for herself; never examined and weighed assertions that were made to her; why s ould she now. Her parents were informed of her acquaintance with the distinguished foreigner, and enquiring into his true character, they assured her he was a base impostor, and directed her never to see him again, on pain of being disinherited and disowned. She believed them while they were talking, and thought she would have no further acquaintance with Medena. But again he contrived opportunities of meeting her, again told his stories with a fresh glare of splendor, and eventually persuaded her to elope with him. They were married in a Roman Catholic chapel, and immediately departed from Fanny's native city.

Two years had passed away when Mrs. Hastings, during several weeks spent in the city of P. called upon an early friend whom she had not seen for several years. As she waited in the drawing room, a waiting maid entered to say that Mrs. Manson would meet her in a few moments, and as Mrs. Hastings lifted her eye to the messenger, her surprise may be readily conceived when she beheld before her, the former child of her adoption, the disowned Fanny.

Fanny's first impulse, was evidently to throw her arms about the neck of her whom she had so long called mother, but a sudden sense of the relation then existing between them restrained her, and sinking upon a seat, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud. Mrs. Hastings, deeply moved by her grief, was just about to approach her with words of kindness, when the lady of the house entered, and Fanny hastily left the room.

In the conversation that ensued, Mrs. Manson informed her visitor that several months before, Fanny had been recommended to her as an object of charity. She had found her in a miserable attic, surrounded by every mark of destitution and suffering. Her husband had deserted her, while in her lap lay an infant daughter of some six months, strikingly inheriting its mother's beauty, although wasting away under the influence of a violent disease. It soon died, and in compassion for the forlorn mother, the kind-hearted Mrs. M. had offered her a vacant situation as waiting maid in her own house. "She has now been with me three months," continued Mrs. Manson, "and although her extreme thoughtlessness and want of judgment often occasions me great annoyance, yet she seems so grateful for the interest I have taken in her welfare, and so anxious to serve me, that I trust by the exercise of patience on my part, she may yet become useful to herself and to me."

Mrs. Hastings left her friends with sadness. The impulse of her own heart was, to redeem her own beloved Fanny from the necessity of servitude, and receive her again to her home and her love. But she knew her husband's decision of character, and felt it would be worse than in vain to make such a proposal. There was no alternative. She must leave her whom she had reared as a daughter, and whom she had fondly hoped would prove an ornament to society, in the capacity of a serving maid, and her highest hopes for her must henceforth be that she might learn to discharge the duties of her station, so as to save herself from utter destitution.

It was on a beautiful summer morning that a train of cars swiftly sped through the wealthy town of C. "You have a flourishing academy here," remarked a passenger to his neighbor, who had entered at the last station, and was evidently known by the speaker to be a resident of the town.

"It is now in a most prosperous condition," replied the person addressed, "especially the female department. Under the present instructress, who has been with us for two years, it has been steadily increasing in numbers, interest and prosperity, and if we can retain her services, we hope to make it an extensive organ of usefulness. She has a weight and dignity of character that renders her influence over her pupils unlimited, while her deep interest in their welfare, and warm Christian love, is tending to educate them for the future as well as the present. She possesses universal confidence, and is regarded as an ornament and a blessing to our community."

The eulogised instructress was Emily Davis. As I listened to the conversation, I thought of the history of poor Fanny, and the involuntary exclamation almost escaped my lips, "What a contrast!"

Let the young girl who is depending merely upon beauty, grace, accomplishments, as any of the adventitious circumstances of fortune, remember that the time will come, when these now brilliant possessions will avail her not. The hour is approaching, when she must think, examine, and decide for herself. Let her remember that woman needs firm principles of action, and an individuality of character, without which she will be tossed about upon the breezes of life, the sport of every passing circumstance. And let her remember upon whom God has not bestowed the gift of beauty, that by the exercise of firm and correct principles, she may beautify her spirit with a grace that may attract and bind other minds with an influence, lasting as eternity. ABBIE.

Edgartown.

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. MY SCHOOLMATES.--No. 2. THE INQUIRER.
ABBIE
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pg. 21

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

MY SCHOOLMATES.—No. 2.

The Inquirer.

It was Saturday evening. In a pleasant and commodious upper hall of the Seminary of R. some seventy young ladies had slowly gathered together. It seemed to be a hallowed spot, for as they approached it, the mirthful laugh had died away, the buoyant step of youth had become more slow and cautious, and the gladsome smile had given place to an expression of chastened and subdued feeling, as each one entered, and seated herself in reverent silence. It was the hour of prayer, and so sweetly did the voices of nature harmonize with the spirit of devotion, that even the most thoughtless could not fail to recognize its melting and sacred influences. Most touchingly did the praise of our evening hymn mingle with the incense of adoration that was ascending from earth's thousand altars, as the glories of a summer sunset flung over her their parting radiance. While yet the last rays of daylight lingered, we listened to the teachings of the sacred word, and as twilight deepened, the low voice of prayer moved all as by one impulse, to lift the heart and bend the knee to God.

"Hush! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while the twilight sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night—in prayer."

On the evening to which we have alluded, there was one present in our circle, who had never entered it before. She had been our school-mate for nearly a year, yet she was not only a stranger to the prayer meeting, but as far as sympathy and social acquaintanceship were concerned, an unknown being to most of her companions. It was, therefore, with no slight emotions of surprise, that when our number had mostly assembled, the door was slowly opened, and we lifted our eyes upon Laura Richmond. She crossed the hall with her usual proud, yet graceful step, and seating herself by an open window, dropped her light shawl from her shoulders, threw off her straw hat, and supporting her head upon her hand, while her elbow rested upon the window sill, she remained, with an air of nonchalence peculiarly her own, apparently a mere spectator of the scene before her.

Instead, however, of her presence acting as a restraint upon our social exercises of devotion, they seemed to be animated with renewed tenderness, and our meeting was characterized with more fervor and interest than usual. The twilight had long since faded, giving place to the full moon, yet the voice of prayer and praise still flowed forth as the natural out-pouring of many hearts; and it was evident, as the clear moonlight shone full upon the face of Laura, and revealed the changes of her expressive countenance, that however she might have entered, she would not leave our circle an entirely uninterested observer.

The young lady whom we have introduced, was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer and statesman, who resided in the vicinity of the city of B. She was the only daughter in a family of five sons, and from her earliest years, the indulgence of parents and brothers, acting upon a temperament naturally proud and haughty, had insensibly, but surely, impressed upon her the presumption that she was a person of consequence. Her talents were good, her powers of mental perception and discernment unusually clear. She was a despiser of show, affectation and frivolity, and in proportion as she saw those qualities manifested by others among whom she might be thrown, in that proportion did she arrogate to herself a mental superiority, the dignity of which she would not deign to transgress by familiarity with those whom she deemed incomparably beneath her in character. She assumed no pre-eminence on account of the wealth of her parents, or the high station in society they had always sustained, neither did she seem conceited of her fine person, for she was too proud to be vain. It was of herself she was proud, her character, her sentiments, her lofty views and feelings; that while the many young ladies about her lived to dress, to shine, and to attract attentions as light and unmeaning as themselves, she sat upon a pinnacle immeasurably above them, and could regard all their frivolity with the richly merited meed of contempt and scorn which it deserved. She seemed fondly attached to her parents and brothers, though in the family she was capricious, and seldom willing to yield her own will to that of others. With the

exception of the winter months of a few years, she had always resided in the country, and although she had been surrounded by those whom she might have made associates, yet her natural pride and reserve led her to avoid the selection of companions, and aside from her household friends, to find her society in books, music, and embroidery.

In this state of things, Laura had attained her seventeenth year, when her father, on returning after a long absence from home, seemed for the first time to perceive that her haughty and taciturn habits, were entirely unfitting her to become a useful and esteemed member of society. Hence, by mutual consultation, her parents decided that their daughter should be sent from home and placed in a boarding school, where as they thought she would necessarily form acquaintances, and become more sociable and companionable. Laura was informed of the determination, and diametrically opposed it; but for once she learned that it was the will of her father to rule rather than to be ruled, and she was obliged to yield to his wishes.

Laura Richmond accordingly became a member of the Seminary at R. but this by no means reached the root of the evil which her parents wished to remedy. She studiously kept herself aloof from all by whom she was daily surrounded in the boarding house or school room. She had nether room-mate, nor desk-mate, and usually had no companion in her solitary walks. Her school-mates were not long in ascertaining the drift of her sentiments, and as no one desired to intrude her companionship, she was left to the enjoyment of as much solitary dignity as she could desire. Still, there were some among our number whose characters she appeared to respect, and with whom she would exchange observations upon matters of general interest; and here and there one was found, whose merry voice and sunny smile seemed to melt away the frozen indifference of her heart, and call from her a candid salutation.

Notwithstanding there was not a member of the school who would have awarded to Laura the superiority she manifestly claimed for herself, yet she was generally respected. There was about her an originality of character, an independence of the opinions of others, and a freedom from petty foibles, which gained for her a certain kind of esteem, though it was entirely unmingled with affection.

The afternoon session of school had closed, and its members, rejoicing that the day's restraint was over, had rapidly dispersed from the seminary. Two of the class whom we called "little girls," yet remained in the recitation room, deeply discussing the contents of a paper before them. It was a subscription list, which had been started to secure a grand desideratum in the view of our body politic, and Effie Campbell, as a general favorite, had been employed to circulate the paper.

"There Lizzy," she said, after carefully counting up the amount affixed to her list of names, "I want five dollars more, and the question is where shall I get it, for I have given my paper to all the girls, who I think will be willing to subscribe."

"Have you presented it to Miss Richmond?" asked Lizzy.

"Miss Richmond! Laura Richmond!" repeated Effie, opening wide her blue eyes with astonishment. "You don't suppose I am going to take it to her? Pray, how should I go? send a messenger before my face, to ask audience, and then dropping upon one knee, present my petition with, "I humbly crave your ladyship's attention." No, not I. The day is far off, when I ask a favor of Laura Richmond."

The two arose to go. "Stay till I get my books," said Effie, as she stepped into the next room near the open door-way, of which they had been seated. But as she crossed the threshold, she gave a sudden start, while her quick Scotch blood mounted instantaneously over her neck, face and ears, for there with her finger between the leaves of her half closed book, sat Laura Richmond.

"Don't be disconcerted," said Laura, with a kind smile, "you should certainly be willing that I should know what you think of me. But let me see the paper you were talking of," and taking her pencil, she added Effie's requisite sum, five dollars.

This little incident was soon reported among all our number, and seemed to produce a slight reaction in her favor; and as it occurred but a few days before the Saturday evening to which we have alluded, the unprecedented circumstance of her attending our prayer meeting, rather tended to deepen the favorable impression. A week glided away, bringing again the hour of social prayer, and again Laura was present. A third time she entered our praying circle, and although the circumstance of her thus changing her practice elicited from many a remark of surprize, yet it was generally recounted merely as a passing freak of her somewhat capricious conduct.

It was late in the evening, that a gentle rap was heard at the door of Emily Davis. Her surprise may be conceived, when, on opening it, she beheld Laura Richmond, with disordered hair and inflamed eyes. "I intrude upon you, Miss Davis," she said, inquiringly; but as Emily assured her she was entirely at leisure, she entered, and sinking upon a chair, while a fresh flood of tears gushed over her already swollen cheeks, she said, "I have come to see—can you tell me, Miss Davis, what I must do to be a Christian? Will you pray for me?"

Had an audible voice from heaven fell upon Emily's ear, her astonishment would scarcely have been greater. That she, the proud and haughty one, should so sink before her, clothed in the sackcloth of humility and grief, for a moment so overwhelmed her in amazement, that she seemed to lose her power of utterance. But it was only for a moment, for the flame of christian love in Emily's heart was always brightly burning, and enlisting her warm sympathies in the case before her, tenderly and fully did she point out to her the path of duty, as embraced in the simple conditions of the gospel, and then most fervently did she pray that the seal of God's forgiving love might be impressed upon the returning wanderer's heart. Now that Laura had found courage to speak of her feelings, she seemed to find relief in giving them an unrestrained expression.

"It is about a month since," she said, "that this passage was read and commented upon, at morning devotion, 'A proud heart is an abomination to the Lord.' It came upon my mind so vividly, so forcibly, that it seemed as if it were engraven there in letters of flame. I knew that I was proud, and I gloried in it, but the thought that I, who had conceived myself so superior to many others, was on that very account an abomination—oh how much that word expresses—an abomination to the Lord. It is this, that has haunted me day and night, and made the world darkness to me. I tried to throw off the weight that was sinking me to the earth, but it only pressed upon me the more heavily. I felt that I must become reconciled to God, and earnestly I have read the Bible to learn how I can do it, but it has been of no avail. I attended your meeting, hoping that some one might be induced to talk with me upon the subject that engrossed my thoughts, but I suppose I was regarded as an indifferent observer, for I have been there three times, and no one has yet spoken to me. I could wait no longer, and therefore I have come to you to-night."

Again did Emily speak of the freeness of salvation, and urged her to partake of the rich fullness of a Saviour's forgiving love. Laura seemed to be relieved and encouraged by the assurance of her sympathies and prayers, though she left her with a still heavily burdened heart.

The remainder of the week she kept her room. The cause of her absence from school was generally known. The fact that Laura Richmond was humbly enquiring the way to life, came home to many hearts, as the most impressive lesson of religious instruction they had ever received. It seemed to exert a subduing sway over every mind, and its influence passed not away with the passing moment.

It was Sabbath morning, still, bright and holy. We slowly assembled in the hall at the hour of morning devotions, and among the last, were Emily Davis and Laura Richmond. They entered, each with an arm about the other's waist, and strange as it seemed to see Laura in such close companionship with any one, it was stranger still to mark in her every expression the wonderful change that had come over her spirit. There was an air about her so gentle, so unassuming, that we could no longer regard her as a stranger. We felt the wall of partition that she had reared so high was broken down, and that she had become one of us. The long shining braids of her raven hair were still wound about her finely formed head, yet the commanding look we had ever thought they imparted to her, was beautifully tempered by the meeker grace of submission. The crimson glow upon her cheek had deepened and blended more richly with her clear olive complexion, but it was evidently the flush of happiness, not of fancied superiority. Her dark eyes had assumed an expression of tenderness they had never worn before, and though her lip had lost its curl of pride, it was more sweetly graced by the smile of humility and love. There was a peace within her heart which the world gave not, and a joy too deep for utterance, though the glistening eye, the quivering lip, and the tremulous voice which softly greeted our ears after the music of our morning hymn, witnessed that her spirit could not remain with folded wings. Most bitterly did she speak of her sins, and most touchingly of the agonies of her grief, and the depth of her penitence, and then with streaming eyes how ardently did she magnify the love of her Saviour in granting her the priceless boon of his pardon. She urged all to partake of her joy, assuring us that she had already caught the echoes of heaven's music, as she had been led in spirit through its green pastures, and by its still waters. That low earnest voice, with what subduing power it came over our hearts, how did it impress upon us the great realities of the future, and woo us to the open gates of heaven; for it was the voice of one over whom the angels of God were even then rejoicing.

Several years have glided away, during which, Laura Richmond has ever been the active and devoted Christian, seeking to do good by her wealth, her labors and her influence. But so deeply were the events I have narrated engraven on my heart, that every subsequent item in her history, has brightened rather than dimmed their distinctness. And when among the forms of the absent and the loved, her image floats before my mental vision, it is ever graced with her sweet humility, as The Inquirer.

Edgartown. ABBIE.

Narrative.: ORIGINAL. PERSEVERANCE.
Clifford, Clara
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Narrative.

ORIGINAL.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY CLARA CLIFFORD.

"Oh mother, I can't get this arithmetic lesson, it is so hard, and so long, I think my teacher is too bad to give me such a lesson. She knows I can't learn it, and wants me to fail, I know she does," exclaimed little Helen White. Her mother looked up from her sewing, a tear glistened in her eye, for she was grieved to hear her little daughter speak so. In a gentle voice, she bade her come to her. This kind mother placed her arm around her little daughter, and drew her to her side. In a mild voice, she said, "Was that my little Helen that gave vent to such feelings? I fear that you have forgotten your good resolutions that you made this morning. Let me look at your lesson." Helen blushed, and held up the book for her mamma's inspection. The color deepened in her cheeks, and she hung her head in shame, when her mamma exclaimed, "Why! what a short lesson, only half a page. What did you mean, when you called it long, and hard? My child, it is much less difficult than your yesterday's lesson. If you will study faithfully one half hour, you will conquer all your difficulties; if you don't, I will assist you." "I can do all the sums but one," said Helen, "and I *can't* do that." "Her mother hummed that little song, "Try, try, try, again," and "if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." Helen smiled, and said, "I will try again, for I have only tried twice," and away she went with a hop and a skip out of the room; in a few moments she came bounding back, singing in a loud voice, "I have conquered, I have conquered for I have done it." In the same breath saying, "I feel happy now, I have finished it. I wanted to play, that was what made me so naughty, and now, dear mamma, I am sorry I spoke so crossly about my teacher, for I love her dearly, she is so good and kind; never will I speak so again; will you try and help me be a better girl, dear mamma?" "Yes, my dear, and I will begin my instructions by telling you a story about Perseverance; and while I am doing that, you may hem this pocket handkerchief for papa." Helen soon brought her little work box, and seated herself on a low stool by her mother's side. "Now I am ready for you to begin."

"Well, Helen, when I was a little girl, about as old as you are, a family by the name of Williams came to reside in our village. Soon after they moved there, the husband and father died very suddenly, and they were left in very destitute circumstances. There was only two children, Emma and Edward. They always attended the public school, and both paid such attention to their studies, and behaved so well in school, that they obtained the respect and esteem of their teacher, and they were so kind and gentle to their schoolmaster, that all loved them dearly. Emma was very anxious to obtain a good education, so that she might be a teacher when old enough. She worked hard when at home, to assist her mother in obtaining food and clothing, (for often they were short of both,) many times the children were obliged to go to bed as soon as it was dark, because they had no fire to make them comfortable, and no light by which to study; poor Emma often wept, because she could not study as other children did, and then she would bury her face in her pillow, so that her kind mamma should not hear her sobs. But these children were not quite discouraged, though they had poverty to contend with. Sometimes their mother would be very sad, and get almost discouraged, and then these dear children would try to comfort and cheer her. Edward would say, "when I get to be a lawyer, you shall not work so;" and Emma would say, "Yes, mother, when Eddy gets to be a lawyer, and I am a teacher, you shall have everything to make you comfortable and happy." Oftentimes they would kiss away the tear, and bring back smiles to that fond mother's face, for though she never expected to see them filling the station of which they so often spoke, she felt that they would be good and respectable, and if life was spared, would be a solace and comfort in her declining years. They had many ways of earning little sums of money, all of which they deposited in a little red box, which stood upon an old chest of draws in their mother's bedroom; this box they called the family bank. When a penny was given them, they did not spend it for candy, like some little boys and girls I know, but put it into their bank, and it was used to buy bread for them, and tea for their mother. You may wonder how it was possible for such little people to earn money, so I will tell you. A kind neighbor gave them a little bit of ground to cultivate; this Edward divided, and in his half he raised radishes, beets and turneps, while Emma cultivated flowers. They watched over their garden with the utmost care; no weeds were to be seen, for as soon as one "peeped up its head," it was torn from the soft rich bed and thrown away, and when every other garden was parched and dried by the hot sun, theirs looked green and thriving, for they watered them every morning, and the flowers and vegetables held up their heads and moved them back and forth in the gentle breeze, as if to thank their kind protector. Edward found a ready market for his produce, and many said, no person had such nice beets and turnips as Edward Williams, while his radishes were the earliest and best to be found in the whole town. The ladies were all glad to buy Emma's flowers, they were so well selected, and so nicely arranged. Then again this brother and sister would take their baskets and wander into the pasture and woods for berries, and it is almost useless for me to tell you that these were soon sold, for you will imagine it, and "jump at the conclusion" much sooner than I can write it. But I know you won't think of what I am about tell you. Sometimes when he went to sell his berries, the lady would tell the servant (who went to ask her if she wanted any,) "no, for she expected they were poor and dirty." "But it is Edward Williams that has got them, madam." "Oh, is it, you may take them then, for we are always sure of getting those that are good, and also of getting our full measure, for HE never cheats any one." From this, dear children, learn that "Honesty is the best policy," and never cheat or defraud in little things; if you do, you will be shunned by all; no one will be willing to deal with you, for they will expect to get cheated, and no one likes that. Years have passed on, Emma by her industry, prudence and perseverance, gained education enough to teach a common school, and while employed in this, her evenings were spent in study. For a year and a half she taught

and studied in this manner, and at the end of this time, she had earned enough to go to an excellent boarding school for a few months; when that time had expired, and all her means spent, she intended to teach again, earn more, and again go to school, till she was fitted to fill a teacher's place in any of the first seminaries. Her first earnings were nearly spent, and she was expecting soon to leave the Seminary. Many happy hours had she spent there. The tendrils of her young heart were wound around those teachers and companions. There was no place (save her quiet home) that she loved half so dearly, no other spot seemed half so sunny to her. Well might she love it, for there it was that she learned to love and trust her precious Saviour, and many of her companions had learned the same lesson, and at the same time, and this tie bound them closely together. There is nothing like religion to unite hearts, and there is a peculiar affection for those friends that become interested in this "all important subject," at the same time we did. Other friendships may grow dim, and fade away amid the mist of future years, but the hearts of young Christians are bound by a cord that will outlive the rust of time. Do you now wonder that Emma was sad, when she thought of leaving those teachers and young companions? The evening before she was to leave, was one of sorrow to her. Some of her young friends were in her little room; there stood her trunk all packed, and her usually cheerful room looked almost deserted. Emma sat on a low stool, and her friends seated themselves on the floor, in a little cluster around her; there they sat, and talked and wept. Ah! it was a scene for a painter's pencil, those young girls in the pale moonlight. A rap was heard at the door. Emma supposing it to be some one of her schoolmates, bade her "come in." The door was opened, not by her young friends, but a much loved teacher. Emma rose to meet her. She drew Emma's arm through hers, and told her that Mr. Young (the Principal) wished to see her. Emma thought this much loved teacher seemed very cheerful and happy, and she wondered how she could when she herself was so sad at thoughts of parting. They soon found themselves at Mr. Young's door. He arose to meet them as they entered, and taking E——'s hand, said, "You leave us to-morrow, do you?" Emma burst into tears and exclaimed, "I feel so sad about it." "Do you and would you really like to stay with us, then? Supposing I see if I can't make some arrangement to keep you." Emma stopped weeping, and looked up into his face, to hear what was coming, saying, "Oh yes, Mr. Young, if I can only stay, how happy I shall be." With a smile, the kind-hearted man asked her if she was willing to stay and assist us in our school by hearing the recitations of some of the youngest scholars? "If you are, that shall pay your expenses." Emma's heart was so full, that she could scarcely utter her thanks, and the tears came thick and fast; but now, joy caused them. She flew back to her room, and told her companions the news; they too wept for joy, for they were very happy once more; but there was no voice in that room, their joy was of the quiet sort. Soon Emma said, "dear girls, let us thank God for his goodness and mercy to me." All knelt, and Emma poured out her soul in prayer; each of her companions followed her, and that night when the good-night kiss was given, those young friends parted, feeling that they loved Emma and each other better than ever before. The next morning Emma took her new place in school. She was employed only a couple of hours in teaching; the rest of the time she spent in hard study. Soon her pupils became much attached to her. Years passed on. She still remained in that Seminary, and had risen step by step, till she was the *first* teacher. All that became acquainted with her knew her only to love her. Why was it? She was not beautiful. No, but she was gentle and kind in her disposition, and highly accomplished. She had many suitors; wealth and honor was laid at her feet, but she wished them not, and turned from them. At last she married a distinguished minister, who was settled in a large town, where she spent the remainder of her life in doing good. Had I time, I would tell you many more things about her, but I trust from what has been said, you see *perseverance* will accomplish much.

Edward met with equally as good success as his sister. By his own exertions he went through college, studied a profession, and became an eminent lawyer. Often did the fond mother tell the story of Emma's and Edward's childhood to her grandchildren. He loved his mother just as well after he became a great man, and many times he would kiss her wrinkled cheek, and say, "Well, mother, I used to tell you, you should have everything to make you comfortable and happy, when I became a lawyer, but then you did not believe I ever should be one." The old lady would look through her spectacles and smile, and say "Oh Edward, you are a good son, and God will reward you for it."

Now, children, if any of you have difficulties to contend with, *don't give up.* When you feel inclined to get almost discouraged, just think of this little boy and girl, and like them *persevere.* You will conquer, no doubt of it. There is another point in which I want you to imitate them; they early sought an interest in the Saviour, though I have not told you much about Edward. He was as good as great, and when a mere boy, he became a disciple of Christ. Think of this story, dear children, and may you gather courage from it, and keep doing and trying.
